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April 1917

7d net

The QUIVER



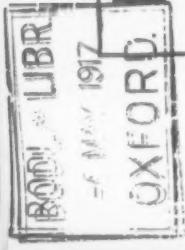
New Story
Competition

WISDOM

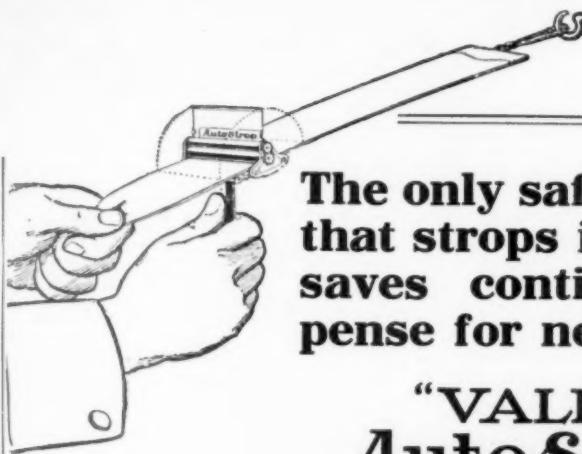


TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS



Pat 1419 & 95



**The only safety razor
that strops itself and
saves continual ex-
pense for new blades**

**"VALET"
AutoStrop
SafetyRazor**

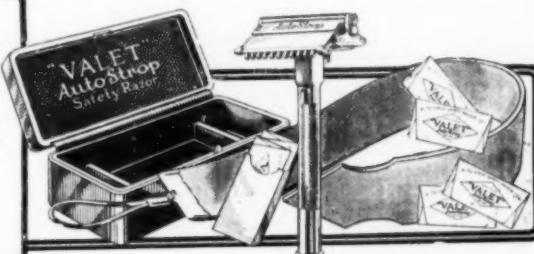
You just slip the strop through the razor, and half a dozen to-and-fro strokes put a new keen edge on the blade in 10 seconds. There is nothing to unscrew or take apart for either stropping or cleaning. Not only do the blades last longer and have a sharper edge than with any other safety razor, but this razor is quicker and more simple in use. It is cleaned in a few seconds, just by rinsing and wiping with a towel.

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
61 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.
And at New York, Paris, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

The word "VALET" on razors, strops, and blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61 New Oxford Street, London.

The Standard Set
consists of heavily
silver-plated self-
stropping razor, 12
"Valet" Blades,
and "Valet" strop,
in leather-covered or
nickel-plated 21/-
case complete

Other sets for
presentation at
higher prices



The Sign



of Safety

The Trade Mark of BOOTS The Chemists may well be likened to a 'Sign of Safety,' for it enables you to identify an article of absolute purity, just as the 'Hall Mark' tells you that an article is solid silver—it is a guarantee and a bond of goodwill which you, as a member of the public, hold—it is the security upon which you extend your patronage. Boots The Chemists Trade Mark on a medical or toilet preparation safeguards you against impurity and ensures efficiency. It points the way to economy and satisfaction. It is a visible sign of the faith Boots The Chemists have in their own goods.

Purity and economy go hand in hand wherever you see the Trade Mark of Boots The Chemists.

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Chief London Branch: 182 REGENT STREET, W.

Over 100 Branches in London Area.

555 BRANCHES IN
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

from INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION,

NEED

It is an admitted fact that Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved a friend to thousands upon thousands of women the world over, by relieving the sufferings to which they are specially liable. In tens of thousands of cases it has banished the daily headache, languor, lassitude, biliousness, constipation, pains after eating, and other troubles arising from a disordered condition of the digestive organs. No wonder that women stand solidly for this proved family remedy! It has been their friend for nearly 50 years.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the medicinal extracts of more than ten varieties of roots, barks, and leaves, which, in combination, have a wonderfully curative and strengthening influence on stomach, liver, and bowels—the organs of digestion—enabling them to extract nourishment from the food you eat, and thus helping you to regain and maintain strength and vigorous health. Thirty drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup in a wineglassful of water taken after meals should prove its value in your case. Put it to the test to-day.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 20 size contains THREE TIMES AS MUCH as the 1/3 bottle.



THAT
NAMED
IT!



Customer —
"Is that FRY'S?"

Host —
"It is, Sir. When you said the VERY
BEST, that named it at once."

Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST **Cocoa**

"I have never tasted Cocoa
that I like so well."

—Sir Chas. Cameron, C.B., M.D.

"It is my Ideal of Perfection
There is No Better Food."

—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c.

The Oldest House in the Trade. Established 1728.

**TRY THIS METHOD OF
GROWING BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE
GIGANTIC HAIR-HEALTH OFFER.**

Every reader of this Magazine is invited to enjoy a delightfully pleasant, complete course of Hair-Health and Beauty Culture FREE.

Absolutely everything necessary to conduct your home hair-health course will be sent you without cost or obligation, and if you will post the form below to-day you can commence a toilet practice that will for ever banish the impoverished, weak, dull, straggling, lifeless appearance of your hair.

For this opportunity the public are indebted to the proprietors of "Harlene Hair-Drill," whose great efforts to teach

especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry"; and, lastly, the full secret "Harlene Hair-Drill" manual.

All proclaim "Harlene Hair-Drill" the ideal method of growing hair. It combines a scientific method of application with the very ingredients and actual "Food" the starved hairs need.

No matter whether you are troubled with

1. Thinning Hair.	5. Splitting Hair.
2. Scurf.	6. Over-Greasiness.
3. Dandruff.	7. Over-Dryness.
4. Dullness.	8. Baldness.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is for you. Enjoy your week's test free. Realise how immeasurably "Harlene Hair-Drill" will improve your appearance.



Thousands of people to-day suffering from hair trouble, who, by accepting the splendid Hair Beauty Gift offered here, could unquestionably not only overcome these troubles, but greatly enhance the appearance of their Hair. One million "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits are to-day offered to the public, and if you take a pride in your appearance you will accept one of these Four-fold Gifts.

the public how to care for their personal appearance has met with such an enormous response in every part of the world.

**MILLIONS PRACTISE "HARLENE
HAIR-DRILL."**

Millions of men and women who take pride in a youthful, smart, well-groomed appearance practise Hair-Drill, just as you are freely invited to do to-day.

The complete Four-Fold Outfit that awaits your acceptance is detailed in the centre of this announcement, and, as will be seen, includes everything necessary to grow an abundance of healthy, beautiful hair. Firstly, a supply of "Harlene," the wonderful tonic Food that compels the weakest hair shafts to new strength and vitality. Hair poverty cannot exist when "Harlene" is applied. In addition, you receive a supply of the delightful Cremex Shampoo Powder, the ideal hair-cleansing preparation which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill"; also a bottle of Uzon Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the Hair, and is

You can always obtain further supplies of any or all of the above preparations from your chemist—"Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Solidified Harlene" for travellers, etc., at 2s. 6d. per tin; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 2 shampoos (single s.d. each).

Any or all of these preparations will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. carriage paid on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

**FREE "HAIR-DRILL"
GIFT COUPON.**

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

QUIVER, APRIL

The Home Beautiful

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CURTAINS, COVERS, CARPETS

THE BEST DESIGNS AND VALUE ARE PROCURABLE AT WILLIAMSON & COLE'S

Write for Patterns and their world-famous book, "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL,"
full of delightful coloured Furnishing Schemes.

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1829, 1830, 2128
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*Curtain & Loose Cover
Specialists.*



With Loose Cover complete
48/11

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CRETONNES AND CASEMENTS
are renowned for their beautiful designs, exquisite colourings, and inexpensiveness. Hundreds to select from.

CASEMENT CLOTHS, from 6d. to 4/11 per yd.

CRETONNES, PRINTED LINENS,

TAFFETAS AND OMBRES, from

8d. to 9/11 per yd.

BOLTON SHEETINGS, from 1/11 per

yd., 50 ins. wide.

CYNTHIA SATIN, 3/11 per yd., 50

INS. WIDE.

CORDENA REP, 3/6 per yd., 50ins.

WIDE.

Victorian Velvet, 6/8 per yd.,

50 INS. WIDE. In rose, blue,

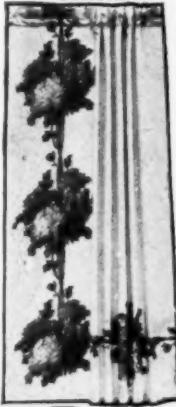
and olive.

The "Ribbon and Chrysanthemum" Curtain, Applique on

Bolton Sheetings, 31 yds. long,

23/11 per pair.

**THE RIBBON AND
CHRYSANTHEMUM
CURTAIN**



PATTERNS POST FREE.

Williamson + Cole

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.
LTD.

EXTIRMO KILLS

and immunitifies Rats, Mice, Beetles and Cockroaches.
No smell or danger of epidemic if vermin die under
the flooring. Recommended by Medical Officers, etc.
In tins, 1-, 1½, 2½ and 5-, of all Chemists and
Stores, or direct post free from

EXTIRMO, Ltd., SCHOOL ST., HULL

RATS



**FREEMANS
REAL TURTLE SOUP**

made in a minute with
Freemans Real
Turtle Cubes.

Freemans
SOUPS - DISTINGUISHED
Watford



Four in a box, 1/-

**MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE
MINIMUM COST**

PLASMON OAT-COCOA

"Contains an abundance of Phosphates and
is highly nutritious." —The Lancet.

7½d. (½-lb.), 1/2½ (½-lb.), 2½ (1-lb.) BRITISH





TATCHO

The HAIR GROWER

WHY fret and worry about loss of hair when you simply have to walk into the nearest Chemist's or Stores and ask for Tatcho? You cannot use Tatcho and not benefit. Every application will effect improvement. Under its influence your hair will acquire healthy vigour and increase in volume day by day. Always remember your Chemist or Stores will be glad to supply you with Tatcho, because Tatcho is genuine. The name Tatcho literally means "genuine," "good," "true." And that's what Tatcho is.

Tatcho is a spirituous preparation, the colour of whisky, free from all grease and smell. It is supplied in bottles at 1/- and 2/9.

CLARKS

DRESS STANDS

MAKE HOME DRESSMAKING EASY.

Why not make your own Spring Costume and save money? The model as illustrated is made to your exact size, padded and covered for pinning, and sent packed in box for 25s. Full illustrated catalogue with photographic designs and measurement chart sent free on application.

CLARK'S DRESS STAND COMPANY,
Tottenham Street,
Tottenham Court Road,
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LINEN IS MARKED FOR ALL TIME IF YOU USE

JOHN BOND'S, "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

For use with or without heating (whichever kind is preferred).

Of all Stationers, Chemists, and Stores, 6d. and 1s.

Used in the Royal Households



FLUXITE

SIMPLIFIES
SOLDERING

The Bully's Boast
Does not affright;
Of shells we've most,
Thanks to Fluxite.

FLUXITE

Is used in making shells and other munitions because it effects a great saving in time, thus increasing the output of labour and plant.

BOTH Amateurs and Mechanics, the world over, will have Fluxite. It

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2, and 2s.
Auto-Controller Co., 228 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England.



Luce's for 'Headache'

When life seems brightest, "Headache" is often lurking nearest. A little extra jollity, unusual exertion, or an over-heated room—and lo! good-bye to happiness.

Be prepared! Have a bottle of Luce's British-made Eau-de-Cologne always handy—and remember that "prevention is better than cure." To prevent headache, put two or three drops on handkerchief and bosom and take deep inhalations; to relieve headache, rub a little on the forehead and behind the ears.

Because of its greater purity and delicacy, Luce's Eau-de-Cologne has a far greater efficiency and a wider range of usefulness than other brands. There are always uses for Luce's.

LUCE'S

ORIGINAL Jersey
EAU-DE-COLOGNE

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria.
Numerous Gold Medals and Highest Awards.
EST. JERSEY 1837.
PRICES: 1s. 2s. 5s. 10s.
WICKERS: 3s. 7s. 13s.
At Stores, Chemists & Perfumers, and from the Army & Navy Stores, Boots, Gieves, Hancocks, Hepwell's, Maffridge, Wattelet's, &c., or from LUCE'S, High St., Southampton



Handed to you Antiseptic and Aseptic

When you buy a tin of Evans' Pastilles you are sure of obtaining an antiseptic pastille which has had practically no chance of being contaminated by outside conditions.

The chemist does not have to wash his hands before he gives you a tin of Evans' Pastilles—the dust and microbes which abound in the air have not power to do harm, because the Pastilles come to you in a sealed package just as efficient and antiseptic as when they left the factory.

Evans' Pastilles are made from a private formula, and they are acknowledged by bacteriologists to be the most effective measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

EVANS' *Pastilles*

are excellent for preventing bad effects from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied. Send a tin to your friends in the Army.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores **1/3 per tin**

Warning: See the raised bar. Evans' Pastilles can be distinguished by the raised bar on each pastille. None are genuine without it.

Post If you cannot obtain Evans' Pastilles locally send P.O. 1/3 to the **Free Proprietors** for sample box.

**EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.,
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.**

Obtainable also from our branch at 92 William Street, New York—and from the Sole Agents in Canada: National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, and branches. © N.D.C.



"Tales of a Toffee Tin." "L'Entente de quatre."

This is the tin that arrived at Salonica,

and the bond between the four was the possession of a sweet tooth each.

Munching Mackintosh's, Allies are on common ground; just as when fighting Germans. Fighters in a good cause, and most other people with an ounce of appreciation of the simple little great things, like to fill in odd moments by eating the homely sweetmeat that comes from Halifax—and have a common enjoyment of its buttery, sugary, creamy flavour.

And there is much wisdom in the liking which thousands of grown-ups and children have for Mackintosh's famous toffee-treat; for nothing could be more overflowing with goodness and brimful of nutriment.

In every bite a delight; and in every atom the goodness, purity, and food value of sugar, butter, and thick rich cream.

It is simply a duty to treat our Soldiers and Sailors to lots and lots of Mackintosh's Toffee - de - Luxe.

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins, by confectioners everywhere, 1½d. per oz.



ART HOME STUDY SCHOLARSHIPS

**WITHOUT ENTRANCE FEE
TO "QUIVER" READERS**

BEFORE the smallest cottage can be built, play produced, or any article put on the market, the work of a man or woman trained to make practical drawings is needed. Illustrating advertisements also offers opportunities for those with a taste for sketching. There is room in the profession for any artists with common sense and training. Artists now sell their work by post, and save the time and embarrassment of personal interviews. By post also you

confidential lessons are superbly illustrated. Sketches are sent by post for criticism; the letters of personal advice and criticism alone constitute a liberal education in profitable art work.

Subjects taught: Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash



The TEST SKETCH
One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson in the P.C.C. Course. Illustrate this lesson on paper and send for test paper advertisement.

can learn all about the work that's wanted; how to do it, where, when, and how to sell it. You can learn at home all the practical essentials—all the little technical points—from an expert whose business is to help you enter the profession in the shortest possible time. Many amateurs have been helped to make saleable drawings and sell them by the Course of training personally conducted by post, by Chas. E. Dawson, the well-known London artist, who has taught more people to earn money by art than any other man. His exclusive and

Practical Correspondence College, 4 Thanet House, Strand, W.C. Each sketch will be examined, and a letter of criticism and advice sent gratis. It costs nothing and you risk nothing by getting a famous expert's opinion on your chance of success, and you may win a Scholarship.

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FREE Book. Practical Hints. Curtains that last. **MAKERS' PRICES.** If buying new **LACE, MUSLIN, CASEMENT, CURTAINS, LINENS,** send for this interesting Book. It will prove valuable. Full of helpful information. **WRITE NOW!**

SAML. PEACH & SONS,
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Delecta CHOCOLATES
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PENNY "DELECTA"—the name describes them

Boisselier's BOY-SELLERS
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I offer a genuine guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. For either sex. Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipes, chewing tobacco, or snuff. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by suddenly stopping by will power; don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and genuinely overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better, while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful three days' method. Legions of testimonials. Inexpensive, reliable. Full particulars, including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff **SECRET HABIT**, sent in plain wrapper, FREE. Address: EDWARD J. WOODS, 10 Norfolk St. (485 T.A.K.), London, W.C.

STANWORTHS' "Defiance" REG. UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for recovering umbrellas from 2/- upwards.

**STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.**



"THE FOOD - BEVERAGE
OF THE PEOPLE"

Vi-Cocoa—delicious, sustaining, invigorating.

6d. 9d. & 1/6
Packets.

Vi-Cocoa
Watford

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

No more misery. Get rid of the drink habit in 3 days.



After being a heavy drinker for years, I was sick and providentially came into possession of the best food for combatting intemperance. The drinker who wants to stop forever, getting rid of the awful desire for alcohol, can easily do so, losing no time and enjoying life better than ever before. Marvellous success. Safe, reliable, medically endorsed.

DRINKERS SECRETLY SAVED

If a person is addicted so strongly that he has lost desire to be rescued, he can be treated secretly; will become disgusted with odour and taste of liquor. Legions of testimonials verifying genuineness of my Method. Joyous news for drinkers and for wives, mothers, etc., contained in my Book. Sent, plain wrapper, free. Keep this nippie, or pass it on. Address:

EDW. J. WOODS, 10 NORFOLK ST. (485 B.J.), LONDON.



Convalescence The right food

After illness the digestive tract remains weak for a considerable period. Restoration to health is often seriously retarded by failure to take the right food.

The Allenburys' DIET is the most successful nourishment for use in convalescence; this palatable and easily prepared milk and wheaten food supplies complete nutriment in a form that is assimilated by the delicate stomach without difficulty or distaste. Digestion is thus strengthened and lost vigour regained.

The Food that Rebuilds.

Allenburys'
The
DIET
For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk
required. Made with
boiling water only.

In tins at 1/6, 3/- & 6/- each of Chemists.
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

Drink Delicious

MAZAWATTEE TEA

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

CLAROMA

should be in every household. The simplest and most effectual remedy ever discovered for Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a Few Hours. 1s. or by post 1s. from all Chemists, or J. M. BANNERMAN, Chemist, Edinburgh.

CATARH SCENT
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

DIABETES

Write for Samples and Booklet and enclose 6 stamps for postage.

CHELTENE FOODS CO., CHELTENHAM

FLOUR, BISCUITS, BREAD, FOOD, Etc.

Highly Recommended by Medical Profession.



One of the "Jason"
"Excel" Range: Fine-
gauge Stocking, seamless,
spliced toe, heel and
foot. In Black with
White, Sky and Helio
embroidery.

Price 3/- per pair

Made entirely from purest Australasian wool—in Leicester, England, by the world's best hosiery makers. Perfect in construction, and always leading in style. Replaced if they should shrink.

From Drapers and Outfitters all over the world

In case of difficulty write W. TYLER SONS & CO., Leicester

The Patent TREASURE COT FOR INFANTS

LIGHT—COMFORTABLE

HYGENIC—PORTABLE

No draughts or hard substances to mar baby's comfort. Packs small.

PRICES FROM 17/- POST FREE.

Illustrated Catalogue of Cots and Accessories Free.
Treasure Cot Showrooms (Dept. M.2),
134 Victoria Street, London, S.W.



RED NOSES

are a disfigurement—a distressing complaint that attracts unpleasant attention. I am daily curing sufferers of same. I will cure you by a simple home treatment at an infinitesimal cost. Write me in confidence for particulars **FREE**. Enclose stamp to pay postage.—Mr. B. K. Temple (*Specialist*), 39 Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W.

To buy British in preference to any foreign-made Stockings and Socks is your privilege as a patriot. To wear "Jason" (ALL-WOOL) Stockings is a luxury in addition—a luxury which is only provided by "Jason," the goods with the EXCLUSIVE silky finish, all-wool construction, ease-giving seamless shape and guaranteed unshrinkability.

"Jason"
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

QUALITY

Stockings and Socks

For Ladies, Children and Men

Jason "Grace" Range	... 4/- per pair
Jason "Primus" Range	... 3/6 per pair
Jason "Excel" Range	... 3/- per pair
Jason "Triumph" Range	... 2/9 per pair
Jason "De Luxe" Range	... 2/6 per pair
Jason "Leader" Range	... 2/3 per pair
Jason "Elite" Range	... 2/- per pair
Jason "Superb" Range	... 1/9 per pair

Silver-Plated CLEMAK RAZOR
with Stropping Handle & SEVEN Blades

5/-

CLEMAK STROPPING MACHINE
(as illustrated) complete with
VELVET HIDE STROP ***

4/-

COMBINATION OUTFIT
Containing STROPPIING MACHINE
VELVET HIDE STROP with
CLEMAK and SEVEN BLADES

10/-

Sole
Australasian
Agents:-
W. PLANT & CO.
SYDNEY

A detailed black and white illustration of a man with curly hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and patterned bow tie. He is holding a CLEMAK safety razor in his right hand, which has a textured grip. The razor's head is labeled 'CLEMAK' and 'SIX BLADES'. His left hand is tucked into his trouser pocket.

CLEMAK

Safety Razor

DOES WHAT IT PROFESSES!

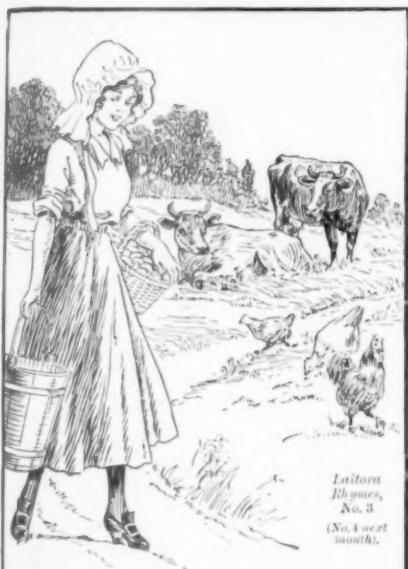
MINUTE
TO STROP

An illustration showing a close-up of a hand holding a safety razor and stropping it against a strop held by another person's hand. The strop is attached to a small wooden handle.

MOMENT
TO CLEAN

An illustration showing a close-up of a hand holding a safety razor and cleaning it with a cloth. The cloth is draped over a small wooden handle.

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c. or from the CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.



Laitova
Rhymes,
No. 3
(No. 4 next
month).

*This is the maid so prim and fair,
Who milks the cow with dainty care,
The cow whose milk, you may be
sure,
Is always fresh, and rich, and pure,
For with the eggs, both brown and
white,
Laid by the hens with feathers bright,
It goes to make the bairns' delight—*

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread.

Not only is Laitova the most delicious food dainty, but it is the most wholesome and nutritious. It contains just those food elements which growing youngsters need to make them strong and sturdy. They like it, and want more. Give it them. It saves the butter bill.

Order a 9½d. jar from your grocer
to-day, and use it instead of butter.

SUTCLIFFE & BINCHAM LTD., CORNBROOK, MANCHESTER
©

WHY PEOPLE MARRY

THIS is the title of the first chapter of a great book on an important question to serious-minded people. From the inspired pen of an accomplished lady writer, this remarkable book is an absolutely authoritative treatise on a subject which has perplexed the mind of mankind from the beginning of the world. While it is obviously not intended for any but those who are married or contemplate marriage, there is not a page in the book that could harm the youngest child who can read—every sentence, every word, being a clean expression from the mind of a lady who has had every opportunity of studying this important subject.

It deals with the psychological and sociological side of married life. It points out the pitfalls of unhappiness and the certain way in which to obtain and increase perfect married bliss. It is, therefore, an extraordinary guide to engaged couples, newly-married couples, and those who have been married for some time yet have not succeeded in more than "rubbing along together." A study of this work will bring happiness to thousands of homes, and as the writer puts it: "If the facts herein contained are understood and followed they will insure that true love without which it is impossible to consummate a perfect union which makes heaven of every earthly home."

The following is an abbreviated synopsis of the work, "Matrimony, Its Obligations and Privileges," by MONA BAIRD, with a Preface by Mr. THOMAS HOLMES, the well known Police Court Missionary:

INTRODUCTION Sentiment, false and true, about marriage.

CHAPTER I Why People Marry

Idleness—Lack of healthful exercise—Too much trashy reading—Low ideals—Lack of self respect—Dangerous flirtations—Boy flappers and their friend—Love v. Glamour.

CHAPTER II Marriage in other lands.

CHAPTER III When to marry

C. H. Spurgeon's advice and St. Paul's warning from God—How and when—Boy and girl marriages—Danger in delay—The longer better—Single sensuality—Growing old together—A family of courtesies.

CHAPTER IV Whom to marry

Harmless—Thoughtmates—Womemates—Care in selection—The woman at home—And at work—Whom not to marry—The hand of fate in the glove of chance—Pleasing the eye—Instinct v. Reason—Age cannot stale—Standing by results—Faulty—Shy couples. CHAPTER V

The mating time! Autumn weddings—Fireside talks—The perfect lover—Reticence—Mental frankness—Little rifts—Honour and humour—Keeping each other's temper—Married flirts—Conjugal consideration. CHAPTER VI

The holy bonds: The marriage trinity—love, honour and obey—Personal purity—For men—For women—Pre-marital influences—Woman's responsibility—Transmitted tendencies—Physical—Mental—Spiritual—Doctor's dilemmas—The social scourges—Who is to blame? CHAPTER VII

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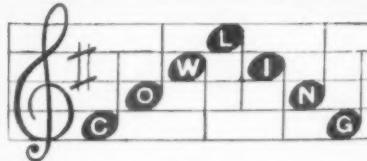
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fail , *take* , *pair* , *male*

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Now try the following exercise :—

Lake, l, a, k.		later, l, a, tr.	
Take, t, a, k.		prefer, pr, fr.	
Fair, f, a, r.		maker, m, a, kr.	
Tray, tr, a.		perpetrate,	
Frame, fr, a, m.		pr, p, tr, a, t.	

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. *The* is denoted by the *t* stroke ; *a* by a dot

1. The frail mare fell lame.
2. Kate may make a cake.
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KEY.

1. 2 3 4 5 6
2. 3 4 5 6

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THE QUIVER

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A NEW SOCIAL PERIL

THE new scheme recently propounded by the Home Secretary for the preservation of infant life and for rendering aid to children and young persons in physical and moral peril, has given great satisfaction to all workers among the young.

Owing to the absence of so many fathers at the war, and the employment of women in national service, home life has become seriously unsettled. Add to this the darkness of the streets, the spirit of adventure in the air, and the scarcity of social workers, and one has some idea of the new social peril that has sprung up in our midst.

The following cases, all taken from the daily papers within a few days, show how real that peril is:

At Poplar, a child of four was burned to death through the ignition of her clothing while the mother was out at work.

In Stepney, the four-year-old son of a dairyman was killed by a fall, occasioned by a stone flung by a "hooligan" of six.

Two little girls of five and seven were suffocated, near Rutherglen, by a fire which broke out while their father was at the front and their mother out at work.

At Acton, a motherless boy of twelve, who had only reached the second standard, was found by the Attendance Officer to have been

doing all kinds of housework, even to washing, and looking after his five younger brothers, because his father could get no other help in the home. The Chairman described him as "a little brick."

In the City, a bright little chap of tender years, whose father was dead and his mother missing, was terrorised into stealing by a gang of men, who annexed the property.

A blue-eyed baby, well-clothed, and asleep in a mail-cart, was abandoned by its mother in the North End Road, Fulham.

The Willesden magistrates dealt with the case of a little girl of nine, who was declared to be a "confirmed thief," and for whom "nothing could be done." Said the Chairman of the bench: "It is a case for religion rather than the police courts."

Sad cases like these—which are only a few compared with the many that go unchronicled—show how needful is the work of the National Children's Home, into whose sixteen Branches upwards of 2,500 children have been received. A letter to the Principal (Rev. W. Hodson Smith), 104-122 City Road, London, E.C., will bring full details of the methods employed and of the remarkable results that have been achieved in this Christ-like and many-sided work. The Editor will gladly receive and forward gifts.

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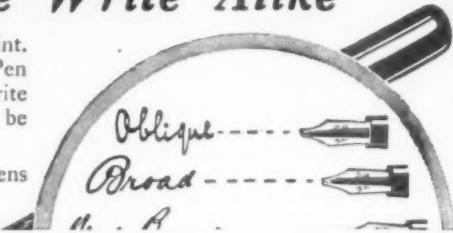


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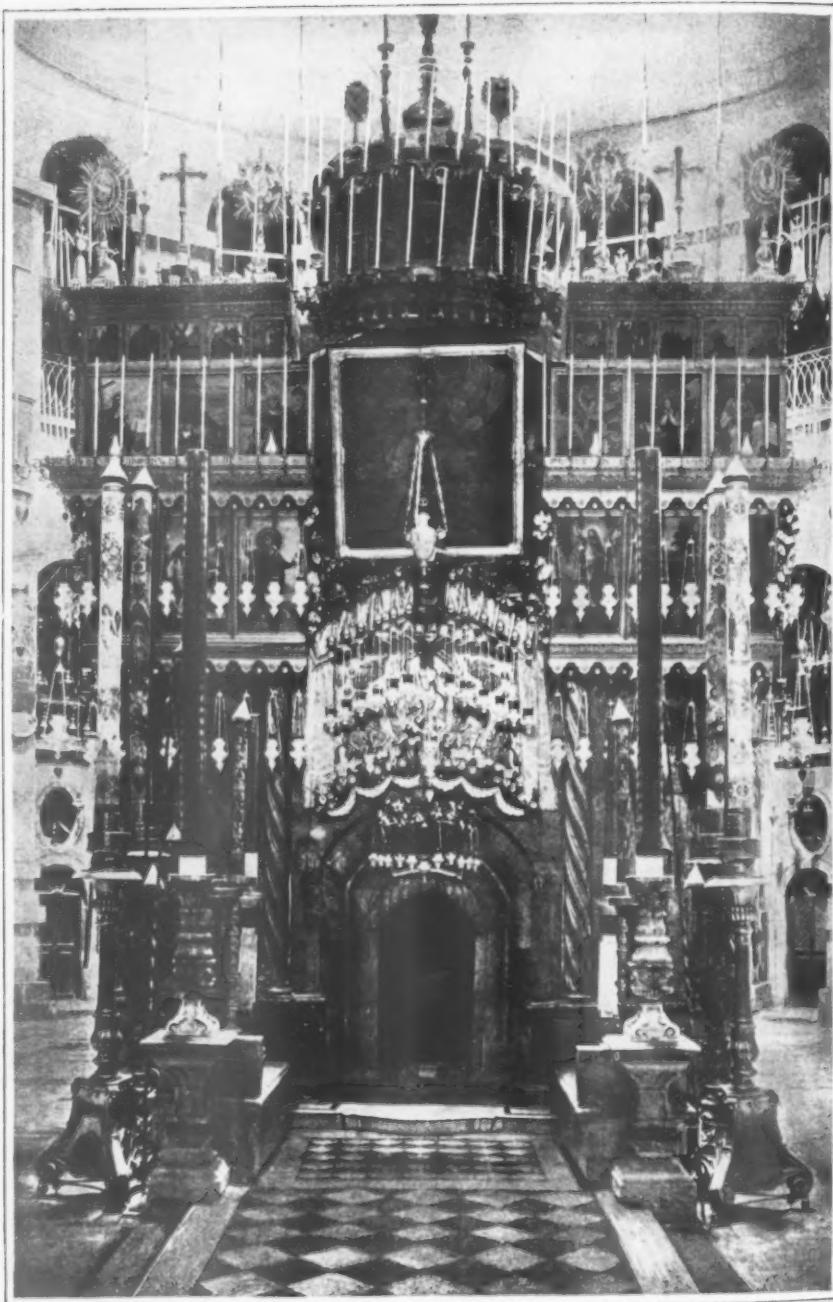
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The Traditional Tomb of Christ : Sepulchre in the
Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.—See p. 497.

Photo : American Colony,
Jerusalem.



THE QUIVER



VOL. LII., No. 6

APRIL, 1917

PETER DOES HIS BIT

No. 5 of "The Happy Club" Series

By GRACE GOLDEN and DOROTHY MARSH

We know not how the road will bend,
But, fearless, vision it as straight,
And, reaching late th' unlooked-for end,
Look back and know the gods are great.

"HERE is Peter," said Cecily Trefiddian, as she heard the gate clang and saw her brother coming up the path to the front door.

"And now we shall have to tell him. Oh, dear." Mrs. Trefiddian gave a little sigh, and there was much trouble in her voice.

"I'll tell him, mother," put in Cecily quickly, as she flew to the front door. "He looks so happy," she added regretfully, and echoed her mother's sigh.

The young man who came up the path, humming a cheerful air, looked indeed the picture of sunny contentment. He had a flower in the buttonhole of his extremely shabby coat, his step was light and jaunty, and no one would have guessed from his appearance that he had that very morning been discharged from the Army as permanently unfit.

That was, however, the case. Ten months at the front had proved that Peter, although quite strong enough for any ordinary life, had not the physique to endure the hardships of active service. One weakness after another had come to light. He had been twice slightly wounded, and after, as he himself described it, spending his time in hospital, with occasional week-ends in the

firing line, he had been sent back to England, first to a convalescent home, and then finally discharged. And, although he had tried hard to feel distressed, there was in reality about him nothing of the fighter, and he could not but rejoice this lovely June morning that he was once more free—free to live his own life, the artist's life, in the irresponsible fashion he loved so much.

He was still smiling when Cecily threw open the door; but his face changed as he looked at her; for Peter, although careless, had a sympathetic soul.

"What is wrong?" he asked at once. "You needn't tell me there's nothing, for I see there is."

"It's this," said the girl, speaking quickly and in a low tone, "Uncle Peter wrote to mother yesterday, and instead of sending the cheque as usual he sent nothing, and he said he's never going to any more. And you and I must think of some way out of it. Now come in to mother."

Peter, speechless with amazement, followed her into the dining-room, where he found his mother and younger sister Marjorie both looking nervous and upset.

"I've told him," said Cecily hurriedly, before Mrs. Trefiddian could speak.

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"But what does he mean by it?" asked the young man in a wondering tone. "What reason does he give? He must have gone crazy."

Mrs. Trefiddian looked at Cecily, and Cecily looked back at her, and then they both looked away.

"He says," said Mrs. Trefiddian at last, "that now you are no longer in the Army you ought to keep up the home." She spoke reluctantly. "But I cannot imagine why, after all these years, he should take up such an attitude."

Peter looked at her a moment and then sat down heavily.

"Oh, what a fool I was," he burst out. "It's all my doing. You know Uncle Pugs" (this was the irreverent name by which Sir Peter Trefiddian, Bart., was known to his nephew and nieces) "came to see me in hospital, and he did put on the pompous philanthropist so thick. And after he'd gone I did a sketch which simply made the other chaps scream. I called it 'The Sun's Beneficent Rays,' and it showed a fat old man, just like him, with a round sun for a face, and shedding beams of light on all the poor bored Tommies. I got two guineas for it, too," he went on, "and the man I sent it to wanted more, although I loathe black-and-white and am really no good at it. And now the old chap must have gone and seen it. I shouldn't have thought he'd ever have had sense enough to spot the likeness. What a fool I was!" he ended, staring blankly at the empty fireplace.

"Oh, Peter," said his mother in her gentle, refined, and rather helpless voice, "you should have thought. You know your uncle is very proud, and he'll never forgive us. And what shall we do? What with the cost of your education, and the girls', and everything else, I have saved nothing. And the rent is due next week."

"There's a coal bill owing, too," put in Cecily grimly, "and the rates and taxes."

"And my new frock is not paid for, and I did want music lessons from a master at school this term." There were tears in Marjorie's eyes.

"You'll have to go and see him," said Cecily, the only practical member of the family, at last, "and apologise. He can't really mean to leave mother penniless after all these years. It won't be pleasant, but you must go."

"No, it won't be pleasant." The young man's voice was rueful. "Especially as we never get on together for five minutes at a time. However, I'll go, of course," he went on. "I'll make it right, mother, never fear." And as he set out he was quite prepared, with all the ready optimism of his nature, to believe that he would very shortly return with a reassuring verdict. But when, half an hour later, he found himself inside one of the stately reception rooms of the Bayswater mansion, which always, as he put it, tired his soul, he did not feel so confident of success.

"I should go raving mad if I had to live in this house for a week," he said to himself, "and yet I suppose there's more money represented even in this room than I've ever had in all my life."

At that moment his uncle came in, and Peter, as he saw him, felt an irresistible desire to laugh, for he was so very like the unfortunate caricature.

"Good morning, Uncle Peter," he said, trying to compose his face. "How are you?" He held out his hand frankly.

"I am in very good health," answered Sir Peter in the voice that exactly matched his appearance; "but if you have come in reference to my letter of the 18th, addressed to your mother, I have nothing further to say in the matter."

"But, uncle," began Peter, with an uncomfortable realisation of the weakness of his case, "you've always done it. Don't you think it's rather—well, rather rough on my mother to stop it suddenly now?"

"I think," said Sir Peter ponderously, "that it is quite time that a young man of —what is it?—twenty-seven years should do something towards the support of his mother. So far, unless I am mistaken, you have not contributed a penny piece towards the upkeep of her home. In fact, the boot has been on the other leg. She has more or less supported you." This was true, and the young man was silent. "It would be far better for you to do some honest work instead of spending your time ridiculing the one relation to whom you are indebted for everything."

That was it then. Peter had felt sure of it before, and again he cursed his own carelessness.

"I am awfully sorry, really," he began, for he was too honest to pretend to mis-

PETER DOES HIS BIT

understand. "I didn't mean anything. It was only a joke."

"A joke!" Sir Peter's usually rosy face became purple. "You have a curious idea of what is humorous. Perhaps you will not find your career so much of a joke now that you have to stand upon your own feet. The sooner you find some respectable employment the better. I was always convinced of the foolishness of Lydia allowing you to waste your life in painting." His tone conveyed a contempt the art does not deserve.

"But what can I do?" Peter was too sweet-tempered to be easily roused. "You know I'm no good at anything but painting, and there's nothing to be made at that so long as the war is on."

"Sweep a crossing," began his uncle dramatically. "But this I will do," he went on, after a little pause, perhaps some slight compunction as to the way he was treating gentle little Mrs. Trefiddian crossing his mind, or it might have been only the fear of what people would say; "I will give you a post as clerk in my works. You will only receive a small salary at first, as you are entirely inexperienced; but so long as you are satisfactory I will make it up to your mother as before. This is my last word, and you may accept it or not, as you think proper. In any case, I shall have done my duty and given you the chance to earn an honest living instead of amusing yourself for ever."

"Then I refuse it," blazed out the young man, at last roused out of his usual tranquillity. Then suddenly the remembrance of his mother's anxious face came back to him. "No, I change my mind," he said quickly; "I'll take it and do my best, but I warn you I shan't be a success."

"Very good," remarked his uncle. "I will communicate with you further through the post. I am glad you have at least the sense to see that beggars cannot be choosers." His tone made Peter rage with impotent fury. "And now I am afraid I must ask you to go," he went on in a kinder, although even more pompous voice. "You will understand that in Tom's absence I am a still busier man than ever."

"Oh, how is Tom?" asked Peter impetuously, for the minute his own troubles forgotten. "You know, I ran across him once in France, and he looked awfully fit."

"He will be returning shortly to accept a commission," said the proud father, implying by the way he spoke that his son was conferring a great favour on someone by accepting the aforesaid promotion. His tone was, however, more cordial and he actually shook hands at parting.

But Peter, as he made his way slowly homewards, felt indeed that life was hard. Why should he be forced to take up this career of drudgery, the thought of which he hated with all the strength of his artist's soul? He, who had believed only that morning that he was once more free to saunter through life as he had done in the old days before the war.

"Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret then if to-day be sweet?"

He had once quoted the words himself, on that day long ago at Knocke when the Happy Club had come into existence, and, although he was quite unaware of it, they had been indeed his own watchword through life. Since his father's early death, when the widow, herself a child in money matters, had been left penniless, the whole family had for many years been supported by the allowance her brother-in-law had made her, and, although Peter himself had for some time supplied his own simple needs by means of his undoubted artistic genius, he had never contributed towards the support of the home. He might have continued his happy Bohemian existence for ever, but the war came and, something stronger than himself calling him, he at once enlisted. But now, after ten months of uncongenial routine and not a little suffering, he had dreamed that he was free. And the awakening was a rude one. As he turned into the gate of The Homestead, his mother's cheerful little house at Highgate, Cecily met him at the door.

"Well, what is it?" she asked quickly.

"It is 'yes,'" he answered bitterly.

Then as he saw his mother his face changed suddenly.

"It's all right, mother," he said, smiling; "the old chap's relented, and he's given me a job in his office." His words and tone were light, and only Cecily guessed the tragedy that lay behind them.



It was the climax, the climax to months of uncongenial work, months of petty in-

THE QUIVER

sults, months of sheer unhappiness. And Peter, as he listened to his uncle's biting tongue, felt that he could stand no more.

"And it appears to me," went on Sir Peter in the voice that his nephew had grown to hate, "that instead of attempting to put your gratitude to me, the gratitude you *should* feel to me, into deeds, you have not the least wish to improve. You are no more use now than when you entered the office. Why do you think I pay you?"

"To amuse yourself, I suppose," said the young man savagely. "It doesn't amuse me, I can tell you, and if it weren't for mother I'd chuck your beastly money in your face."

His uncle stared at him in amazement. It speaks well for Peter that never during the months in which he had gone daily to the big City office had he let his real attitude towards his occupation be seen. Even his mother had merely noticed that he was not looking well, and only Cecily guessed the agony that the uncongenial life and repression of his natural temperament caused him. But now it was April, the call of the Spring was in his blood, and he felt he could endure no more. He loathed City life, he loathed the dingy office in which his days were passed, and, above all, he loathed his pompous, mean-minded uncle.

"Yes," he went on passionately; "do you think if it weren't for her I'd have wasted an hour here? I'd rather have starved in a clear air. Of course, you don't understand. You're only a grub yourself. You've no idea of God's heaven and the clean, beautiful things of life."

"Stop!" thundered Sir Peter. Never in all his life had he been called a *grub*, and here was the word flung at him by this insolent youth he had flattered himself he was breaking in under his hand. "How dare you insult me and blaspheme your Deity?" Then suddenly he collected himself. "You can go. Take a week's money, and then when you've spent that you may find out what starving under God's heaven, as you call it, means. And you can take this message to your mother, that from this day onwards she will receive nothing from me. I will give you your money now."

But Peter did not wait for the five-and-twenty shillings owing to him. Still white with passion, he walked out through the

stuffy sample room, where curious, though not unkindly, glances were thrown at him, and mechanically picking up his hat, started to walk homewards. By the time he reached Highgate he was calmer, and luckily finding Cecily alone, told her at once what had happened.

"It's not that I couldn't get a job of some sort," he ended; "but I could never earn enough to make up for what he's taken away. You see, I'm the most hopeless clerk that ever lived. Old Maconochie, our sales manager, told me only yesterday that his girl of ten could beat me easily at figures. He wasn't being nasty: he's been very decent to me. He merely stated a fact. I never can remember the difference between an invoice and an index. And I have tried"—his voice was bitter. "I've stuck it all these months."

Cecily nodded her head sympathetically. No one knew better than she that the fitting of her brother into the niche of office life was in truth a practical impossibility.

"Now look here, Peter," she said, "and don't be cross at what I am going to say. I knew you'd never be able to stay there long. I think you've done awfully well to stay as long as you have. And all this time I've been learning typing and shorthand, and I've got a berth. What do you think of that? And I've got a paying guest. She's going to have my room while I turn in with Marjorie. So we shall be able to manage quite well without Uncle Peter's hateful money. And you can go on with your painting, and everything will be all right again."

Peter looked at her a minute, his face slowly flushing.

"So you think," he said at last in a low voice, "that I shall be content to live on you and let you work for me? I know—I ought to by this time," with a little bitter smile at the remembrance of his uncle's constant sneers, "that I've always been a good hand at that sort of thing, but I'm not quite equal to that. I can't keep you all until I sell some pictures—and that won't be till the war is over—but I can keep myself, and I will. And I won't have you giving up your freedom so that your paying guest can have a decent bedroom. She can have mine, for I am going away. I shall find some work to do. Say good-bye to mother and Marjorie for me. You're a



NOEL
MERRILD

"Peter," she repeated, sharp anxiety in her voice. "What is it?" — p. 482.

Drawn by
Noel Mervild.

THE QUIVER

plucky child, Cecily—the best of the bunch of us."

And before Cecily could recover from her astonishment he had gone, and even then she could not for a long time reconcile the determined voice that had spoken Peter's parting words with that of her lovable but easy-going brother.



Peter and the sales manager of Tredan Tweeds were sitting together in the former's ill-furnished little "top-back," smoking amicably and tal'king of things in general and Peter's position in life in particular.

"Well," said old Maconochie slowly, "there's no doubt you're a bit slow at picking up business ways, my lad, and I reckon you'd never have been much good to us, however long you'd stayed with the firm, but for all that I think the boss was harsher than he need have been, seeing that you were doing your best."

"Oh, well, Mac, I dare say I have only myself to blame," answered Peter moodily. "My best made such a poor sort of show that I don't wonder he was always losing his temper with me, and then when I did 'et out at him, of course I had to go. He's not used to that sort of thing from subordinates, and I'm not used to being a subordinate—that's the secret; and it doesn't look as if I should ever have the chance of learning, for no one will give me a job that I can even try to do—I'm such a fool at anything but my own work, which, as my uncle says, isn't work at all, but amusing myself."

He spoke in a tone of utter weariness and disheartenment, and while he talked he flicked a paint-brush idly about on a scrap of paper, as was a habit of his when tired and worried. The elder man shook his head and grunted as he looked at him, but did not seem able to offer any suggestion or consolation; he was a man of few words, and never talked merely for the sake of talking.

Peter therefore went on with a wholesale condemnation of himself and his capabilities which, in its exaggerated pessimism, would have left even his uncle's estimate behind; while old Maconochie pondered within himself how he could help him. Indeed, it seemed difficult, for already the young man had tried his hand at half a

dozen different occupations, all with equal unsuccess, for he was not strong enough for any hard manual labour, and, as had been already proved, it seemed impossible for him to acquire even the rudiments of business knowledge. So by now prospective employers looked at him rather askance when they heard his record of so many places in so short a time, and Maconochie himself was afraid he would lose his own reputation as a shrewd man of business if he recommended him again. He sat lost in thought, seeing no way out of the hopeless situation, though he tried his best, for he was really fond of "the laddie," as he called the young man in his inmost heart. He did not notice when Peter gradually ceased speaking and became absorbed in his sketch, and he started with surprise when the young man suddenly flourished the paper in the air with a laugh as free from care as if he were anything but a failure in life. But that was always Peter's way.

"Eh? What's the joke?" he exclaimed.

"Look," said Peter, handing him the now completed sketch triumphantly. "What do you think my respected relative would say to that?"

"It would be hardly proper to repeat it." Old Mac smiled a grim smile against his will as he looked at the absurd caricature offered for his inspection. There was Sir Peter to the life, wearing a suit of his own famous tweeds, and with a perfectly ludicrous expression of satisfaction on his face; it was simply impossible for anyone knowing him to resist a smile, and as his manager gazed on the work of art, the grin of appreciation on his dour Scotch face broadened and broadened.

"Don't pretend to disapprove, Mac, for you know you enjoy it," said Peter, watching him. "Though, goodness knows, I ought to have had enough of making game of my uncle," he added, relapsing into gloom again.

But Mac made no answer. He was gazing absently at the sketch, and after a minute he looked up at Peter searchingly and spoke with something like excitement in his voice.

"Look here," he said; "could you do more of this sort of thing?"

"More? What do you mean?" asked Peter absently.

"I don't mean mishandling the boss, of course." Mac's eyes twinkled. "But these

PETER DOES HIS BIT

comic sort of figures ought to be useful in the advertisement line, and I know there's money in that. I know a man who's the head of a big firm of advertising agents, and he told me the other day he had had his best man go off to the war, and he was very worried about finding someone to take on the job. I'm pretty sure he'd give it to you if I asked him."

"What! Do this for my living?" Strangely enough, Peter did not seem pleased at the idea.

"Well, you were complaining just now that you couldn't paint your pictures," said his companion in a rather surprised tone.

"Yes," answered Peter slowly; "but don't you see, Mac, that it is *Art* that is my life? This isn't *Art!*" He waved his hand contemptuously at the caricature, and old Maconochie looked at him in sheer amazement.

"But if it's going to bring in the dollars?" he queried incredulously. "Why, lad, I believe I could get you taken on at a salary of two or three hundred a year."

Peter jumped up suddenly, and paced up and down the room. The struggle that was raging in him was one that no one who had not the artist's temperament in some degree—and the sales manager most certainly had not—could even begin to understand. But he had fought a real fight and won a real victory, albeit a hidden one, by the time he stopped his uneasy perambulations.

"If you can get me a job at two hundred a year, Mac, I'll take it and be grateful," he said in a quiet even voice. "People often sell their souls for less," he added to himself.

Maconochie was as good as his word. Without much difficulty he obtained for his protégé the post he had spoken of, and for months after that Peter spent his time designing posters to order for Palermo gas mantles, and drawing the "catch-the-eye" black-and-white sketches for Hambleton's great dress emporium. In the occasional flying visits, which were all his family ever saw of him now, he gave only evasive answers when asked about his work, nor would he tell them his address, saying that as he changed his rooms so constantly it was not worth while, and that he would tell them all about everything when his plans were more settled. One thing they did know,

and that was that month by month a cheque arrived regularly from him, and often there was a little extra present for his mother.

And that was how Peter became an advertisement artist.



Old Maconochie and Cecily Trefiddian were hurrying through the back streets of Battersea together. The Scotchman's face wore a worried expression, while the girl looked openly distressed, and they did not speak to each other except for a disconnected remark now and again about the names of the streets or a query from Cecily as to whether they could not walk a little faster still.

"This must be Granton Street," she said at last; "the second turning on the right. I wonder whatever made him come and live here."

"It's a pity he didn't let somebody know, anyway," grumbled the old man; "changing his diggings on the quiet and giving us half a day's wild-goose chase after him like this. And I can't think why Barnard and Co. didn't ask me before whether I knew anything about him. It is a whole fortnight since he sent them in any work, so I gather, and they've been wondering about it."

He spoke irritably, but it was easy to grasp that his irritation was put on to mask his very real and growing anxiety.

"Here is No. 19," interrupted Cecily suddenly. "Oh, I do hope we shall find him here at last." She clasped her hands together nervously, while Maconochie gave a thundering rat-tat at the door of the respectable, though dingy-looking house, that could only be distinguished from its respectable dingy-looking neighbours by the number on the door. In a minute they were answered by a woman of forbidding aspect with "London landlady" written all over her, who informed them sourly that Mr. Trefiddian was in as far as she knew, adding that it was about time someone did come and look after him, for he'd not been out for a week and she didn't like folks ill in her house.

"And a week's rent he owes me," she ended, in the aggrieved tone that seemed habitual to her, "not to mention other little things."

Mac and Cecily made their way up the

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long flights of stairs to the top-floor-front to which she directed them, and which, in truth, had been taken by Peter simply because from its windows one could catch glimpses of the river and Battersea Park, so that the fact that it was a climb to get to it had not worried him. They heard no sound within the room, and with a scared glance at each other they hurriedly opened the door and went in.

In a shabby armchair by the window sat Peter, his head resting against the window-frame. His eyes were shut and, in the sunshine that trickled in through the dirty panes, his face looked strangely old and worn. On the table beside him stood a paint-box and other artist's paraphernalia, and there were drawings and sketches in all stages of completion scattered around the room. On the floor lay a small water-colour sketch which looked as though it had slipped from his fingers when he fell asleep. As Cecily crossed the room she noticed subconsciously that it was a picture, evidently done from memory, of a bit of Cornish coast that she and her brother both knew well.

"Peter!" she said, as she reached his side and laid an anxious hand on his shoulder. "Oh, Peter, are you asleep? What is the matter with you?"

The young man wearily opened his eyes.

"Peter!" she repeated, sharp anxiety in her voice. "What is it? Oh, what is the matter?"

"I'm all right," answered her brother at last in a low, tired voice, and looking at her as though he were not in the least surprised to see her there. "But I've given up. I couldn't go on any more. You've no idea what it's been. I kept on as long as I could, and then I gave in. It wasn't that I didn't try. I went at it again and again, but I was beaten. That's not cowardly—it's just Fate. And then I got influenza or something, and I stopped worrying any more about anything. What did you come for?" he ended, almost resentfully.

Cecily looked at him, and realising at once to what low ebb he had come, both in mind and body, hesitated whether to answer his question at once or whether to put him off with some ordinary explanation. Then coming to a swift decision, she spoke quickly and eagerly.

"We've brought you news, Peter," she said. "It has only just happened, and we

tried to find you at once to tell you. Poor Cousin Tom was killed last week, and it was such a shock to Uncle Peter that he had a sort of stroke and died in a few hours."

"Oh, poor old chap!" exclaimed Peter, with more animation than he had shown before, and with quick generosity forgetting that Sir Peter had been anything but a kind and affectionate relative to him. "I'm awfully sorry. And Tom was such a decent chap, too."

"But don't you see, Peter," went on Cecily, after a little pause in which she waited vainly for him to offer any further comment, "that you are Sir Peter now, for you are the heir to the title as well as to grandfather's Cornish property at Tregray?"

"Aye, and you're quite a rich man, Sir Peter," put in old Maconochie, speaking banteringly to hide the real emotion he was feeling, "and I hope the next time I come and visit you I'll find you've chosen a place with not so many stairs to it."

"Why, you'll be able to go and live down here," exclaimed Cecily, stooping and picking up the sketch she had noticed, "and you'll be able to paint this bit of coast as often as you like. See, Mr. Maconochie; this is a view quite near Tregray." She spoke with calculated effect, and she knew her brother, for as she brought the picture before his eyes they kindled and colour came into his thin cheeks.

"We'll all go and live there," he said, and his voice was the voice of the old Peter. "You and mother and Marjorie and I, for ever and ever. And I'll paint and paint and paint, and I'll never come to London again for fear I might see another poster." He sat silent for a minute, his thoughts full of the peaceful days to come when he would never again have to do the work that had become such unutterable torture to him.

"And now," said old Maconochie, "I'd best send for a taxi or something that will take you straight home; that's the best place for you just now. And I dare say you'll be glad to get out of this."

"Glad!" said Peter, struggling to his feet and leaning feebly against the table. "I think I'm more than glad. Why, I know how poor wretches feel who've been in prison and see the doors open at last."

And Cecily knew that, though his words might sound exaggerated, they were only simple truth.

THE FUTURE OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE

A Plea for State Control

By A. C. MARSHALL,

Special Commissioner to The Quiver

In inserting this able statement of the case for State Control the Editor does not necessarily mean to imply an endorsement of the policy here advocated. See "Conversation Corner."

LOOKING backwards a hundred years to the time when stage coaches had rolled to their zenith, one can well picture the inns of the day. There is a champing of bits, the barking of dogs, the rumble of wheels, the musical tan-tara-tara of the postboy's horn, and the excitement incidental to travel when peril often lurked. But behind the romance of it all one conjures a mental cinema of very hungry people eating and drinking in stuffy rooms.

The Old-time Inn

And so far as our immediate times are concerned we may well take this point as zero in considering the question of our public-houses, for it marked the real start of the present system. But in those days the inn was a dire and strict necessity; when it ceased broadly to be a necessity it became merely a habit that, like the frog in the fairy story, grew and grew and grew, not only in dimensions, but also in its degree of potency and power for evil. Now, gripped by the throat in the tentacles of this world-war, the public-house habit should be vanquished for ever, and with it all the attendant vice, poverty and misery directly attributable to its development.

At the same time, there must be something to replace the habit, something healthier, better, brighter; there must still be public places of resort. Personally, I should like to think of these places as inns, partly to preserve some lingering romance of the open road, but mainly because the word is an Anglo-Saxon one that aptly sums up the need. Etymologised by Nuttall in his dictionary, an inn is a "house for the lodging and entertainment of travellers," and surely we are all of us travellers, seeking

at some time or other for both lodging and entertainment? Anyway, there is a sweeter ring in the word inn than in its cousin "tavern."

The Main Essentials

And now, to plunge full into the subject, there are certain main essentials of the inn of the future upon which the whole structure must rest. Primarily, alcohol, in any shape or form, must no longer be bought and sold for the private gain of any individual. This is the stiffest fence we have to take, the absolute control of the liquor traffic by the State and for the State. Secondly, inns must be light, airy, wholesome places where customers can sit down in comfort, and the vile old system of standing at a beer-sodden bar or counter to drink away the hours must be abolished.

Then there is the complete elimination of the paid barmaid, over-dressed, and often engaged merely for her chatter and appearance to act as a lure and candle to moth-like male customers. This is a foregone conclusion, and in the State of Victoria, as a direct outcome of the war, barmaids have already been banned by the Legislative Assembly. Again, non-alcoholic drinks and sound food must be procurable at any time during the recognised hours, and upon our inns of the future there must be such a searchlight of cleanliness, frankness and freedom that neither man, woman nor child need be ashamed to be seen in such places.

But it must not be assumed that I am advocating a kind of universal tea-shop system. I do not intend to suggest for a moment that there should be a Lyons' branch at every cross-road in the country

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to serve as a latter-day memorial to the gibbet that once stood there. After all, even the tea shop is a habit of the last twenty years, due to the fact that most of us have had to journey some distance from home to our daily labour, and, in my opinion, even the tea shop habit can become pernicious, and is in no sense a panacea for drunkenness or the evils attendant upon the use of alcohol to excess.

Extinguish "Pastrycook" Drinking

Moreover, there is one class of tea shop that ought, in this time of strife and crisis, to be rendered as extinct and ineffective as the Great Auk itself. I refer to that type of shop where high-class pastry is the ostensible business of the place, but where, in reality, the possession of a six-days' wine licence (singularly inexpensive when compared to the publican's full licence) enables the proprietor to dispense draught champagne. In these places—and few select shopping centres are without at least one of them—women of the upper middle class, under the transparent disguise of eating dainty bonbons, actually do imbibe more champagne than is good for them or than their husbands can afford, and yet these very women are the first to condemn and deride the poor of their own sex who enter a public-house!

In other words, drinking in the future must not only be out of the hands of individual tradesmen, but must also be centralised solely in State-controlled inns. Secret drinking, whether in pastrycooks' shops or behind semi-opaque screens in a dingy bar, must be done away with, and with the entire outlook upon drink altered, so will there come that wave of true temperance so vitally imperative to our weakened state after this war, when we shall want our every energy and all our intellect not only to recuperate, but to climb still higher the ladder of national progress.

By far the greatest strides in the fashioning and remodelling of the public-house since the war began have been accomplished in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Here, owing to certain Government work that is carried on extensively in the district, the authorities were faced by the sudden influx of work-people to a thinly populated area. In Carlisle itself there were plenty of public-houses of the old-fashioned sort, many of

them centuries old, with tiny cramped rooms and all that makes for bouts of secret drinking, and these were packed to suffocation at those times when the many Government employees were at liberty, and just so long as the houses were allowed to be open.

Obviously, here was a case for stern, necessitous reconstruction, but such work, especially with institutions as old as the Border itself, was not to be accomplished without time, without much consideration, and a good deal of money. Moreover, the need was so pressing, that on Saturday afternoons, when this army of workers invaded Carlisle for shopping and their common requirements, the whole city was turned more or less into a pandemonium that lasted just so long as the bar doors were unlocked.

The Control Board's Policy

Then it was that the Control Board launched out and set up the very first Government-owned and controlled public-house on English soil. They had at hand a disused post office, and business was opened by placing behind the postal counter many barrels of beer on trestles. Then a room, formerly utilised for sorting letters, was metamorphosed into a kind of café refreshment room, as one might find in any Continental city. Kitchens and the necessary executive sections were fitted up, and the place in record time blossomed forth as the Gretna Tavern.

And the lure of the first Government public inn is not garish lights glinting upon mirrors and coloured bottles; it is not fast barmaids; it is not even beer. What tempts the patrons and calls them inside is cleanliness, loftiness, brightness, and the knowledge that they will be quickly and comfortably served with good food, with or without beer, just as they may wish. No spirits whatever are sold.

It was Lord Lonsdale who performed the opening ceremony at the Gretna Tavern in the July of 1916, and he explained that this model public-house took the side of neither teetotaller nor liquor consumer, but aimed solely at the benefit of the individual. On the first Sunday of its opening it is interesting to note that over 1,000 people had refreshments at this tavern, and that the stock of mineral waters was completely exhausted

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by four o'clock in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, no intoxicants are sold at all on Sundays.

Whether the Gretna Tavern marks a solution of the curse of drink in this country time alone can prove, but that it is a step in the right direction there can be no doubt. And it is in no sense interfering with the freedom and liberty of the subject to take away a little bandbox that has become a low drinking den and to substitute for it a cleanly, wholesome, Government-owned and controlled inn.

But it would not be equitable that the Government should have all the credit for this step in setting a standard for the public-house of the future. We must not be unmindful of the good work carried on for many years by the Public-House Trust, a society formed for taking over licensed houses, mostly in rural districts, and for encouraging in them the sale of food and non-alcoholic beverages whilst discouraging the consumption of alcohol for mere drinking's sake. This is, in fact, the keynote of the post-war public resort, and the very backbone of the idea is to throw open the inns, to abolish sly rear entrances, sweep away partitions that hide the occupants, keep clean and clear the windows looking upon the street, and in every way bring people to the realisation of the fact that they may as well be seen in the new type of inn as in the corner bakery or the village stores.

Licensed Clubs

Licensed clubs, which can be a boon to the populace or a canker in the flesh of a township must be brought into line, but I am firmly of opinion that with the reconstruction of the public-house at least one-third of these clubs will cease to exist, their real motif being in an enormous number of cases nothing more than a reason or an excuse for the obtaining of drink.

Then again, as showing the urgent need of practical reform, one has only to consider for a moment the amount of drink we do consume. In the year 1915, with our men away on many fighting fronts in untold numbers, we consumed, as a nation, 92 per cent. of the total for 1914, and 90 per cent. of that for 1913. As a matter of fact, our drink bill for that particular year was almost two hundred millions sterling, very

nearly £4 for every man, woman and child of our population. A small proportion of this amazing total is, of course, due to higher duties levied upon alcohol on account of the war, and beer alone yielded more than twenty-two millions of pounds in additional duty.

That the country, as a whole, would be infinitely better off if this drink money could be diverted to the purposes of other trades, to savings, and to the furtherance of domestic comfort and happiness, there can be no doubt, and no one in these enlightened days can possibly champion alcohol for the contribution it makes to our revenue, for there is plenty of proof that this particular argument is as hollow as a drum. Indeed, one need go no farther than Russia for a complete answer, for in the Land of the Tsar the abolition of the State-owned and State-controlled vodka—one of the most soul-stirring events of this war—cost that country in revenue 93 millions sterling annually, and yet within a year the people's savings had increased enormously, and there was nothing to suggest in any way that the country was one whit the poorer.

As a matter of fact, from a State outlook beer is not particularly profitable reckoned from the point of view of labour. Official figures show that to make beer to the value of a sovereign labour only figures to the tune of 1s. 6d., whilst with a pound's worth of coal 11s. goes in payment of wages. Moreover, enough food material—rice, maize, sugar, grain, etc.—is used to-day in the brewing of beer to feed at the very least six millions of people.

Prohibition or Reform ?

We can, therefore, throw the revenue argument to the winds, and that brings us back to the blunt question—prohibition or the reformed public-house? So far as prohibition is concerned it is doubtful if the time is ripe yet for it to be successfully introduced. Still, a race of Gretna Taverns would go a considerable distance towards its future achievement, and if prohibition were first applied to spirits an immediate benefit would accrue. One most interesting theory is that following closely upon the heels of the war our women will be given the franchise, and a Parliament representing the views of women constituents would undoubtedly, sooner or later, seriously ap-

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proach the question of partial and then of total prohibition.

At all events, this has been the case in the United States of America, where marvellous prosperity has followed a sweeping wave of temperance, independently of the war. The banishing of saloon and drinking bar has brought happier homes and more effective workers, whilst it is a singular fact that in most of the "dry" States high rates of wages prevail—and women are franchised!

An Enormous Effect

Even in our own country, the work of the Liquor Traffic Control Board has had an enormous effect. In one squalid district of the Metropolis the cases of delirium tremens have been reduced from 109 to 59 in a year, and this is attributed almost entirely to the enforced closing of public-houses between meal times. And an even more striking fact than this is a knowledge that our Prisons Commissioners have actually shut up twenty of our prisons since the Control Board began its operations.

Then again, the Output of Beer (Restriction) Act is accomplishing even more than its authors hoped for it, and we have been confronted with publicans who have almost exhausted their year's supply, and who have had no alternative but to limit and ration their resources to customers.

But the whole question of prohibition and the making of a temperate nation by Act of Parliament is led up to and met half way by the reconstruction of the public-house, and for this we may certainly thank the war. No party has so many representatives in our Parliament as the brewers and publicans, but the exigencies of a struggle for life or death have been far stronger than they.

A Government Public-house

The story of the very first Government built public-house must appeal to the most active disciple of temperance, and is well worth telling here. It exists at Annan, a little way over the Border in Scotland, and owes its birth to the success of the Carlisle movement. Here again are hordes of people engaged in some form or other of Government labour, and the house was built primarily for their convenience and benefit.

The building itself boast: only one storey,

and is constructed in the shape of a letter L. Around it is a pleasant garden, and the chief rooms look out upon the emerald sward of a well-kept bowling-green. At convenient intervals there are swing doors giving entry or exit, and the place is divided into a refreshment hall and bar, a restaurant, a tea-room, a recreation room and cinema theatre combined, whilst there are wash-places, kitchens and other arrangements for comfort and efficiency.

Right through the place there are sturdy Windsor chairs, with the G. R. cipher worked on the back. Big open stoves warm the place. There are small tables everywhere, and smart uniformed waitresses bring the food or drink. There is a piano that anyone may play, writing tables for those who have just a few minutes for a letter, billiard tables, papers to read.

The tea-room is confined entirely to temperance beverages, but in the other rooms beer is served. A man may come here with his wife and children. Friends may meet here and discuss their affairs over a pot of tea or a mug of beer, certain that they will not be pressed to buy more beer when the mug is empty.

The "Atmosphere"

And the whole atmosphere of the place suggests lightness and brightness. On the floors there is thick black and white linoleum, the ceilings are raftered, there is bright colouring everywhere, plenty of light from the windows in the daytime, and neither the fear to look out nor that anyone may look in reproachfully. In winter there is plenty of pleasing, brightening fire-flickers, and in the heat of summer the soothing current of air through open windows.

And to give some idea of the size of this particular public-house it may be mentioned that the cinema theatre alone, which occupies two-thirds of the width of the short arm of the L, is capable of holding about three hundred people. Yet another Government built and owned public-house not far away has accommodation for no fewer than two hundred customers at a time.

And if these strides can be taken in war time, with the nation's purse strings always strained, what may not be done directly the sounds of peace are heard? Take away the knowledge that one can make money because another man drinks too much, and

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you have partly solved the drink problem. Wipe out the cave-like, shut-in, masked hiding dens, and you have gone a step further. Eliminate the sordid barmaid, and offer food and non-alcoholic beverage of good quality at fair prices, and you should stamp out the craving for drink that can only be associated with a bar, private saloon or otherwise.

What about the Brewer?

And what about the brewers and the publicans? Are they to suffer because a great war has taken the blinkers from a nation's eyes? Are they to lose, perhaps, a life's savings because they have embarked upon a business that has become a national monopoly?

Problematical questions these. Their answers are dependent upon individual circumstances, but there is no suggestion that hardship need accrue to any particular class. With the remodelling of the public-house, the remodelling of the landlord should be equally simple, and if he were not willing there is such a thing as buying him out. In fact, it was long ago suggested in Glasgow that all the public-houses should be municipally owned and that their owners and occupiers should be bought out on the basis of six or seven years' purchase.

Married to the Public-house

But, whatever happens, the public-house of the future must be such that a man may take his wife into it and find other men and their wives there. Broadly speaking, three-fourths of domestic unhappiness owes its origin to drink, and the old-fashioned public-house has taken the love from millions of wives and children, and drained their purses so that in many cases even common necessities were denied them. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, countless

men have been trying in the past to be married to the public-house and to a good woman at the same time, with the inevitable result that they have become divorced from the latter.

It is thus a fairly obvious problem in the lives of a goodly proportion of the masses whether they shall owe allegiance to the public-house or to their homes. On the one hand, by spending the evenings in public-houses they are bound to bring partial or total estrangement from wives and children; on the other, to spend every evening at home provides no change after the day's toil.

Rest, Recreation and Refreshment

In planning the public-house of the future then, cognisance of this fact is to be reckoned with, and the matter may best be summed up in the form of three R's—Rest, Recreation and Refreshment. If the inn after the war can provide Rest for husband and wife after their day's toil; Recreation to change their trend of thought and brighten them mentally for another day; and Refreshment to benefit them physically—then the war will not have been in vain.

In God's sight and in the eyes of the world, Britain's public-houses of the past have been a disgrace and a hopeless blot upon our name. In war's searchlight we have seen something of the vice, sin and misery, and some steps have been taken to reorganise and to re-construct. But it is only the beginning, the thinnest end of a thin wedge, and not until our public-houses are State owned and State controlled should we be in any way satisfied.

The case for total prohibition can at present look after itself, but in the years immediately ensuing alcohol must be sold by no person for that individual's personal gain.



CUPID WIELDS A PEN

A Topical Story

By BETTY S. MAXWELL

CAPTAIN EDGCOME, V.C., acclaimed by King and country for his "most conspicuous bravery and resource in the field," sat propped up in his bed, with a great pile of letters on the breakfast-tray before him.

It seemed as though all the fellows he had ever known—at school, college, or during his short journalistic career—had taken this opportunity of renewing his acquaintance, and writing to congratulate him on his achievement.

There were gushing notes, from second cousins far removed, and from maiden aunts; there were jolly ones from his chums, and long, proud letters from his mother and two sisters. There was one, briefer than the rest, and highly valued, from his father, who seldom put pen to paper, and which was full of a pride that was very wonderful, and a great joy that his only son would shortly be restored to him.

And there was another—from one who meant more to Gilbert Edgcome than anyone or anything on earth.

It was down two sheets of foolscap, and contained two different handwritings; and the reading of it took the captain longer than the whole batch of others put together:

DEAR CAPTAIN EDGCOME (it ran),—

Grandad and I only heard the great news this morning, and we're both writing at once (this is on the same sheet as mine, but I'm sure you won't mind) to say we're more than GLAD, and awfully proud of knowing you.

I always told you I'd like every man who went out to have the V.C., but I'm gladder it's you that's got it—and for doing what you did—than anyone.

And the nicest part of all—we read it in the papers—is that you're nearly well again and shortly coming home.

Do you know, we'd never even guessed you were wounded! I'm so awfully sorry, and hope it is not dreadfully bad, or hurting very much. The newspapers, of course, give no particulars; but as you're so soon coming back I'm hoping everything is right.

It seems so unfair you should be hurt while we're all safe at home! We have so missed your jolly, graphic letters, and hope you're getting well enough to tell us how you are.

Granny sends her warmest remembrances—and so do I.—Yours sincerely,

CYNTHIA K. BRAITHWAITE.

Then underneath, in a fine, pointed hand:—

God bless you. My wife and I are proud to hear of your brave deed. Cynthia has read us all the paragraphs, and is cutting them out for us to keep.

It makes me wish I had my youth again—for Youth is brave.

With a smothered groan he did his best to stifle, Gilbert buried his head in the pillow, and clenched—oh, so tightly—the only hand it was in his power ever to move again.

Was it brave they called him? He who was so much of a coward he couldn't even bear her ever to see him again, as he was now, a feeble, ailing cripple, hideously scarred. Why, he daren't even see or write to her himself, lest the mere fact of simply being in touch with her should break his self-control and cause him to say things he must never dream of again—now.

His cheek had seemed colossal, even before the war; but now—well, it was the complete "knock-out" of the most impossible, wonderful, heavenly dream he'd been fool enough to build on.

For V.C.'s are costly decorations. There is always the chance that the man who bids for one will be asked to pay the full price—his own life.

Gilbert's own account had been quite heavy enough: his strong right hand (which the doctors, after all, had had to amputate) and an ugly scar, which ran all down one cheek and, to his mind, disfigured him.

Being now faced by the most overwhelming, discouraging thoughts he had ever experienced, he called himself a coward beneath his breath, for having harboured, for even one moment, the conviction that the price of doing his duty might be too staggeringly great.

To die himself were easy; but to have to live—and lose Cynthia—put her out of his life so completely that to him she would be, to all intents and purposes, dead indeed—that was going to be a battle grimmer in its intensity, and more painful in its conse-

CUPID WIELDS A PEN

quences, than the one he had but now just waged in France; and with closed eyes and a pretence of sleep so clever that his nurse was quite deceived by it, he fought for two long hours, single-handed, against all the fiends which a vivid imagination, face to face with an array of black, empty years in front of it, could conjure up.

Yet when nurse brought his lunch a little later it was to find her patient dressed and sitting by the window, with a pencil clutched determinedly in his left hand and envelopes and notepaper scattered broadcast, all around him.

"Writing love-letters?" she asked teasingly, capturing a stray sheet which fluttered to the ground; "or do you, being a journalist, get so tired of writing those in your stories that you only send just business ones yourself?"

"Except when writing to you, Sister. Oh, it's no good looking reproachful! You look as if you weren't perfectly well aware that it's you nurses who're responsible for quite half the love-letters in the post-bag every day."

"Really, Captain Edgcome, anyone might guess you're going home in a day or so, the way you choose to frivol! But get along with your letters. I wouldn't interrupt for worlds! The post goes out at one, so I'll call back for them later," and with a merry nod she hurried on her way.

Gilbert went steadily on with his task, answering all his correspondents slowly and methodically, making cheery jokes as to the round ungainly scrawl, which was all he could manage yet.

And then, when all the rest were answered, and his hand was growing tired, he came at last to Cynthia's, lying open on the window-sill before him.

And this, of all the batch, with the fine, scholarly writing at the bottom, from the dear old man he had also grown so fond of, was never in this world going to be replied to.

But, because the answer was there all the time, locked away in his heart, he was going to keep that letter for ever and ever, when all the rest were crumpled and forgotten, and nothing but charred ashes in some distant grate.

Three days later he was back in England. Cynthia read of his arrival in a corner of the newspaper:

Among the arrivals at —— yesterday was Captain Edgcome, V.C. He passed unrecognised by the crowd, and appeared in the highest possible spirits. His arm was the only uncheerful thing about him. "And I'll soon get used to that," he told our Representative gaily, as he made his way to the Scotch express. The Captain, like most of our British heroes, was going straight home, preferring the seclusion of life in his native town to the publicity which would inevitably attend him if he remained for long in the city.

So he was at home again. Then surely he would come and see them now. Perhaps it was for this he had not answered their letter, wishing to come and see them personally instead, and cause them thus a far more joyful surprise.

And yet he must have known how anxious they had been. Why had he written, since his illness, to everyone else, and not one line to them. He used to write once a week—long, interesting letters she read aloud to Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, and then locked carefully away, in the bottom of her jewel-case, among her treasures.

The days lengthened into one, two months, and still they had no word from him.

But little Bobby Wildrow, who had only seen him once (and then at their house) received a post card; while Mrs. Gilding, whose son was Gilbert's chum, and in the same regiment, heard every other week.

During this time, because she lived in a Garden City—one of those places wherein "nothing is held holy, nothing sacred," where the most private affairs of one person are known and talked of by every holder on the allotment—people used to ask Cynthia questions which cut her to the quick.

"It was very strange," they said, "he hadn't written, when they had always been so good to him. Why, he had almost lived at their house while his regiment was stationed in the neighbourhood."

It was one old wiseacre who lived across the way, in a doll's house villa the replica of their own, who supplied the girl with the idea which at least approached the truth of why he never came.

"Captain Edgcome's badly wounded," she said one day to Cynthia. "My husband met him in Glasgow, when he was up there last week-end. He says the scar on his face is something pitiful; it has quite spoilt all his looks; and he'll never be anything but a cripple now, with only his left hand. I expect he'll be ashamed for his old friends to see him now."

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"Ashamed? He should be proud! Just think what he has done!" And the girl's voice rang out indignantly even in the ears of a rather deaf old lady.

"Yes, yes, my dear—and so do all of us think, who haven't seen him. But suppose now, just for instance, you found yourself tied to a helpless cripple for all the rest of your life—then you'd doubtless change your mind."

"Tied to a cripple for life." The words fixed themselves in Cynthia's head, and would not be ousted.

What was it Gilbert had said, only the week before he went out, the morning he had heard one of his friends was going to be married. "It's a risky thing to do," he had told her, and when she asked him why:

"Because a fellow never knows what may happen to him out there; and, to my mind, a chap has no right to ask a girl to marry him, when there's the risk he may come home a cripple."

How could she have forgotten? And those queer ideas of chivalry he held, that so many Englishmen seemed to share with him.

It was not fair to the girl to be tied to a cripple. But it was perfectly fair—even honourable and heroic—to teach a girl to care for him; and then because the war perchance had maimed him—to leave her all alone, to mend a broken heart as best she could—and ruin both their lives!

And then, almost before she was aware of it, a great idea sprang up in Cynthia's heart, and grew into the biggest resolution of her life. She would beat him at this game of stupid reasoning. She would drag him from his pose of righteous martyr, and make him, and every other Englishman, confess that their ideas were *wrong*.

She would league every English girl against him, and with the tongues of a much-wronged sex, bravely demand their rights.

She would fling him a challenge. She would write the most convincing, argumentative letters and articles to the press, that a pen, wielded by love itself, could invent.

She, who had carried off prize after prize for poems and essays at school and college, would turn her talents to some account. She would write stories and contribute one to every magazine that Gilbert Edgcome wrote for.

She would create such agitation in jour-

nalistic circles that he would be bound to notice it—perhaps he would even answer—she must take an assumed name—and she must keep her friends and relatives, even her granny and grandfather, in ignorance of the writer's identity.

Taking advantage of Nora's holidays from school to leave her in charge of the old couple for a fortnight, Cynthia went away to the country for a change.

She spent a lazy, peaceful, uneventful time, to judge from her letters home; but shortly after her return "things" began to hum.

During her absence a series of letters had appeared in the *Daily Menu*, the *Morning Reveille*, and other papers, signed by "Shrewd Observer," complaining of the changeable natures of the wounded officers and men who were back in this country from the front.

"The joys of simple home life," it seemed, "no longer appealed to them"; they refused to get married, many of them even choosing to break off the engagements contracted before they went away. Was this because English girls no longer came up to their new ideals, or because they had been so fussed over and lionised as heroes that they no longer wished to pay homage, but only to receive it? Was it pride—or only bashfulness? Or did a wounded man actually dare to think that an English girl would like him the less because he now perchance had only one leg instead of two?" And so on—and so on.

Broken-hearted damsels, indignant relatives, all sorts and conditions of people, were instantly in the thick of it.

"No man worth his salt," wrote the men, "asks a girl to be his wife who is himself a cripple." She might accept him, possibly—out of pity (as many correspondents, bless their hearts, had intimated); but pity is intolerable, and in the end she would be bound to rue it.

Shoals of letters poured in every day.

Cynthia, together with most of her world, was idly interested in them.

The day she came home public interest had been roused to the extent that an article had been written on the subject—again by "Shrewd Observer"—and this was pounced upon, and turned about, and dissected, the next day, by one "True Version," who, in his turn, was displaced by "Gilbert



"'Writing love-letters?' she asked teasingly, capturing
a stray sheet which fluttered to the ground"—p. 489.

Drawn by
Balliol Salmon

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Edgcome" (with the V.C. stowed away in the corner, for the delectation of the public, and to the disgust of himself), who filled a column with terse, clear-cut phrases which showed up his opinions—and left other folk possessing them—and which Cynthia cut out of the paper, with the eager light of battle shining in her eyes. The excitement would have died down if it had been left entirely to the newspapers. But when all these grew tired the monthlies took their turn.

If sceptics think it impossible that a young girl's first stories should have found berths so easily, let me contradict them. Cynthia's stories would have been accepted by British magazines anywhere, any time; simply because they were written by a pen which had love, in the highest sense of the word, for its theme, and was inspired altogether by love of a kind that conquers all things.

The pen wrote. It was Cupid himself who wielded it.

Gilbert Edgcome, his nerves on edge with the acutest irritation, began—in a fierce, exulting way—to enjoy himself.

No grief in the world becomes unbearable if it can be talked about. It is the pains and sorrows which isolate themselves with you in the dead of night that eat the heart out.

This stubborn "Shrewd Observer," for all that he entirely disagreed with him, was the very tonic he had been needing. He brought Gilbert back to himself again.

His old trick of moving multitudes—which he thought would have forsaken him, now grief had left its mark on him—he found as fresh as ever.

He was in his best form as he dashed off answers to the letters. His pen was never more skilful than the night he twisted poor Cynthia's essay all to pieces. His belief in the absolute right of all he was doing, and the certainty that no other way but renunciation was possible, was strengthened, if anything, by the fray.

The other side of the question seemed no more to him than the senseless prattle of a man who liked to see himself in print, and cared not what he was writing on.

On the identity of the author he never even speculated. His brain, when not occupied with his writing, thought continually of Cynthia.

Then came three short stories in succession—the most vivid, realistic life stories printed in any magazine since the war. Gilbert saw "Shrewd Observer" on the title page, and read them, one by one, with a hawk's eyes for defects, and the keen delight of a born duellist with words—at the challenge held therein.

"The Cowardly Hero," which was a striking story, with the same old theme, in a novel and realistic background, was the subject of a scathing criticism from his pen.

It was after this, for the first time, that Cynthia began to feel the strain of the contest.

Her sole comfort then was old Mrs. Braithwaite, who, with the keen insight of those who are naturally silent, and feel for those they love very much, had discovered the girl's heartache from the very beginning, and in some way all her own—which Cynthia thought miraculous—guessed from whence those stories came.

The two shared the secret with no one else, and concocted tales between them; and towards the end of the fight, when Cynthia's pen grew tired, and her brain very weary, it was the old lady's indomitable will which kept her from going to pieces.

"He's worth fighting for," she said, "and if that tale you're going to write for the Christmas double number doesn't finish him, my name isn't Granny Braithwaite."

"I doubt my ideas will give out before then," Cynthia would reply wearily.

Gilbert was himself providing a story for that number, and he congratulated himself on the title, "Woman Proposes," which was advertised when the tale was yet a myth at the back of his brain. With this he intended to conclude his campaign against his adversary, making his final exit with colours flying and victory publicly assured.

It was the finest thing he had ever penned, and it was in the fullest confidence and certainty of victory that he looked forward to "Shrewd Observer's" usual contribution.

But Cynthia was quite worn out, and now failed ignominiously. Her ideas had all oozed out, and it seemed to her that life was not worth living, and that journalism was the cruellest, bitterest, most heart-breaking profession in the world.

Therefore, when Gilbert opened *The*

CUPID WIELDS A PEN

Gossip a day or two later he found himself alone upon the field. There was no story, of any shape or size, from the pen of his rival.

Instead of jubilation he had a strange sensation of loneliness and defeat.

"Had his last blow been too hard?" The elasticity and seeming buoyancy of "Shrewd Observer," displayed on all former occasions—the jaunty way he had emerged from all past buffettings, confident and impudent as ever—had been the very joy of Gilbert's heart.

He turned to the editorial page.

The editor "regretted that our old friend, 'Shrewd Observer,' had been forbidden by her doctors to write any more at present, as her nerves were all unstrung, and she was quite knocked up."

So it was a "SHE" after all!

Gilbert felt a great twinge of uneasiness; and compunction set in with overwhelming force.

It was a woman he had pitted himself against all these months. A woman whom he had mercilessly written at, and argued with—who had worked so hard she had tired herself out—and all because she had

been so very sure she was *right* and he was *wrong*.

And was he right, after all?

He began to doubt it.

A woman thought not, anyhow—and a woman was nearer to the angels in kin than man.

And it was he who had hurt her. He must get her address from the publishers, and go and beg her pardon like a man; and he would ask her advice—and if she were like her stories she would help him.

But what did he want her to help him with?

And, dimly, he began to put his want into words:

"If one noble woman had a heart big enough and great enough to think half the things she had written—why, perhaps even Cynthia, the purest and noblest of all women, in the tenderness of her own warm heart—"



And with bowed head, and the dawning of a great wonder in his eyes, Gilbert Edgcome, on the eve of VICTORY, sat—welcoming DEFEAT.

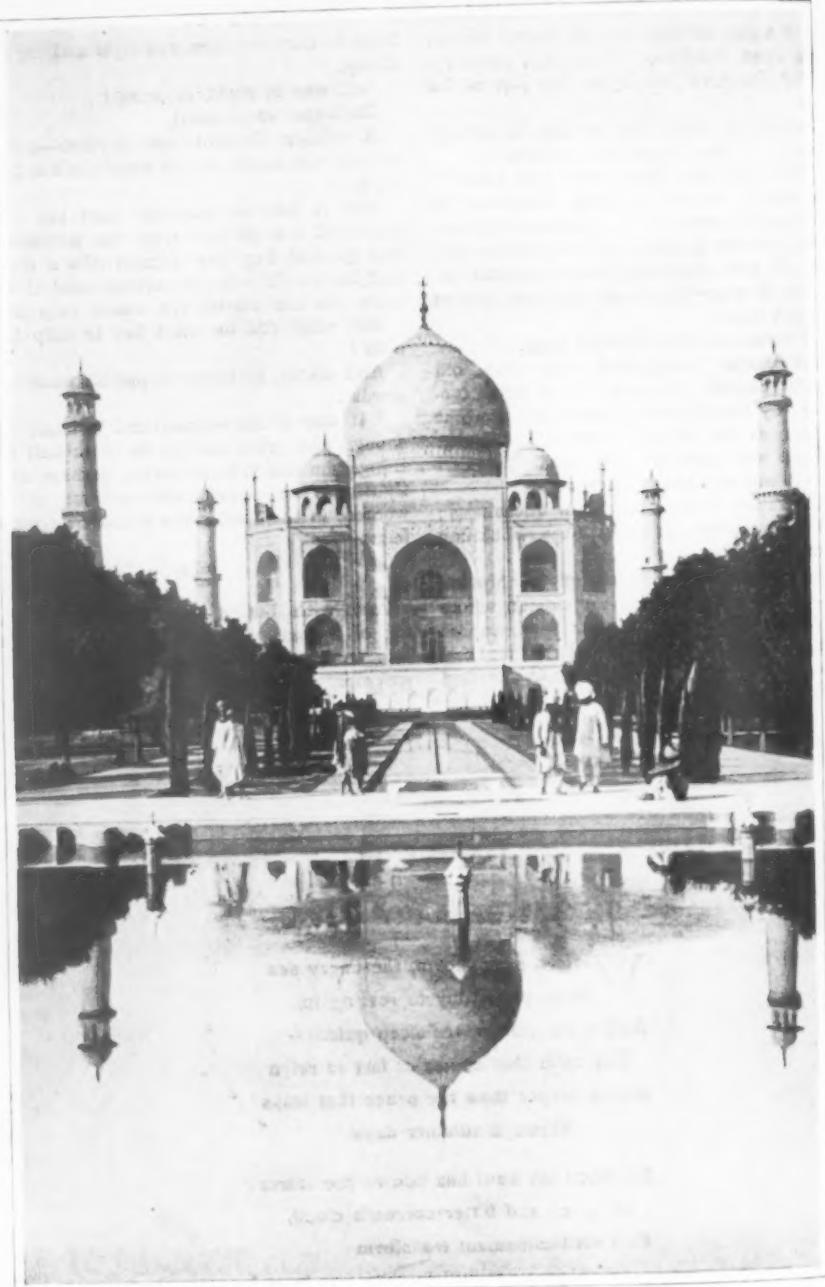


PEACE

By GRACE MARY GOLDEN

WHEN, after storm, the angry sea
Sinks peacefully to rest again,
And winds and waves sleep quietly—
The calm that comes at last to reign
Seems deeper than the peace that stays
Through summer days.

So, when my soul has known the storm
Of grief, and bitter sorrow's cloud,
Felt disillusionment transform
All things : yet still in faith has bowed—
There comes, when I the depths have trod,
The peace of God.



The Taj Mahal:
The World's Most Costly Tomb.

Photo -
Stereos-Travel Co.

THE WORLD'S MOST SACRED TOMBS

By

HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

The establishment of permanent cemeteries for our fallen heroes in France, coupled with the fact that some of the burial places of the old Bible heroes in Mesopotamia and Palestine are likely to come into prominence in our struggle with Turkey, makes a reference to these sacred and historic tombs of timely interest. As the writer points out, the most lovely building ever raised by man is a tomb, but be it a costly mausoleum, an elaborate monument, or a humble grave, they all speak of love—that love which triumphs over death.

IT is only natural that mankind should show the closest interest in the burial places of the fallen. We like to care for the place where our loved ones are laid; in all times the sepulchres of great and good people have been held in the highest regard.

It is significant to note that the most beautiful building in the world is a tomb, and what is more, was erected to the memory of a woman. I refer to the far-famed Taj Mahal, on the banks of the Jumna, near Agra, in India. This lovely building, rightly regarded as one of the wonders of the world, was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a fitting resting-place for the body of his beloved wife, Arjumand. It is often said that Arjumand was the favourite wife of this great Indian potentate, and that the architect who designed her mausoleum was thrown from the building and killed so that he should not devise a more worthy structure. Evidence, however, would tend to show that both these statements are wrong. Everything points to the fact that Shah Jehan had only one wife, while records make mention of the architect as living many years after the monument was finished.

We know this, that Arjumand enjoyed fourteen years of blissful married life, and during that period at least her husband "had no other wife." She bore him seven children, and died in giving birth to the eighth in the year 1629, while on a journey with her husband in the Deccan Provinces, and with her the light went out of the life of the most splendid of all emperors. Crushed and broken down in grief, Shah Jehan

hastened back to Agra with the body of his beloved. Then he sent for Ustad-Isa, a cunning architect, and bade him prepare a memorial such as neither woman nor man had ever had in the history of the world before.

Then was commenced the building of the Taj, which is to-day and always will be the gem of Oriental architecture. An army of twenty thousand skilled workmen were employed upon it for eighteen years. What it cost no one knows, but it certainly must have run into several million pounds sterling. The wages paid to the masons alone totalled £600,000. When finished, the body of Arjumand was laid with great ceremony and pomp under the centre of the great dome in the place of honour. Years later the remains of Shah Jehan were also laid beside those of his beloved partner.

This great monument on the banks of the Jumna is built of rare marbles gathered from all parts of Asia, delicately and wonderfully carved and chased, and further adorned with precious stones. Its principal feature is the great central dome, towering 235 feet into the air, surrounded by slender, graceful minarets, the whole rising from a lovely garden of cypress trees. As you approach it, across the marble-tiled court with its crystal lakes and fountains, and note its various details, you marvel at the ingenuity of the brain that conceived it. The pierced screens in the windows and doorways, the coloured inlays in delicate patterns, the letters inlaid with black marbles, the carvings in low relief, and the carved panels and mouldings and the other details are all perfect in their

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way, all appropriate in their application, and ingenious in their design.

Within the darkened sepulchral chamber little can be seen at first, but as your eyes become accustomed to the gloom you can distinguish the tombs of Shah Jehan and his consort. Their actual remains are in the crypt beneath. The tombs are of the finest white marble, around which is a wonderful screen, over 6 feet in height, formed of pierced tracery panels. Both screen and chamber are inlaid with precious stones—cornelians, agates, turquoises, lapis-lazuli, and malachite. You cannot stand before this screen and gaze upon those white marble tombs beyond without realising that the Taj is something more than a costly mausoleum. It stands, as nothing else in the world stands, for the great and lasting devotion of a man for a woman. Remember that it was erected in eternal honour of a woman at a time when women were regarded as little more than playthings of their owners, and by the disciple of a faith which to this day denies to woman the possession of a soul. In a word, the Taj stands for love, deep, sincere, and lasting.

It was such love as this that led Abraham to purchase a plot of ground for the burial

of his wife Sarah at Hebron, near Bethlehem, which is to-day marked by a mosque. It is one of the most profoundly interesting of the sacred places of the Holy Land, endeared by its historical associations alike to Christians, Jews, and Moslems. We read in Genesis the pathetic story of the death of Sarah "in Kirjath-arba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan," and of



Interior of the "Garden Tomb" beneath "Gordon's Calvary," Jerusalem.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

Abraham mourning for her, and of his appeal to the sons of Heth, as a stranger and sojourner with them, to entreat of Ephron, the son of Zohar, to give him the cave of Machpelah at the end of his field,

for as much money as it was worth, for a burying-place; and of Abraham weighing to Ephron the four hundred shekels of silver as its price, and so the field and cave and all the trees of the field were made sure unto Abraham for a possession.

Here he laid Sarah, his wife, to rest. Here, later, Isaac and Ishmael buried Abraham, after he had died in a good old age. Here, later still, Esau and Jacob buried Isaac, who died old and full of days. Here Rebekah was laid, and here Jacob buried Leah and gave instructions at his death in Egypt that he



Rolling Stone Tombs
of the Kings.

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

THE WORLD'S MOST SACRED TOMBS



Joseph's Tomb,
near Shechem.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

should be buried here, which desire his sons fulfilled.

This burial ground of the old Bible patriarchs is to-day surrounded by a high wall, and over the cave itself rises a fine mosque, for the Mohammedans control it, and, with a few notable exceptions, do not permit any but their own devotees to enter it. One of the last Christians to gaze upon the six monuments which are said to severally stand just over the places of sepulchre in the cave beneath was the late King Edward, when he visited the Holy Land as Prince of Wales.

Right throughout Palestine and the adjoining lands there are many tombs sacred as the burial places of old Bible heroes. Some of them are undoubtedly genuine, though the authenticity of not a few is more than doubtful. Now that Turkey is at war, one wonders how these holy sites are being respected. Generally speaking, however, we can take it that they will be perfectly safe, for so many of them are as sacred to Moslems as they are to Christians.

Jerusalem would appear to be particularly rich in such monuments. On Mount Zion a venerable pile of domed buildings is pointed out as marking the tomb of David. We know, of course, that David was buried in his own city, and the Apostles speak of his tomb as known and near in their day. As early as the fourth century, even before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built, the site was marked by a Christian edifice as the tomb of David. Visitors desirous of

seeing the tomb are conducted upstairs and shown a room in which, behind a grating, lies a modern-looking sarcophagus said to be a copy of the one in which the body of David lies in the vault beneath.

The famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, of course, occupies the site where, it is claimed, the tomb of Christ was discovered, in the reign of Constantine, by the latter's mother. Whether this was the actual earthly burial place of our Lord no one can positively say. Be that as it may, the Holy Sepulchre here is rightly regarded as among the most sacred of places. The actual tombstone is a marble slab about 5 feet long, enclosed by a chapel roughly measuring about 26 feet by 18 feet. Marble slabs encrust the walls



Tomb of Aaron,
Mount Hor.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

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Absalom's Pillar and Tombs of St. James and Zacharias.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

within and without. The face of the structure is profusely ornamented. Lamps and candelabra hang before it. Indeed, it is really a wonderful piece of work, and no one can gaze upon it and recall its sacred associations without a feeling of deep reverence.

In the Valley of Jehoshaphat, just outside the Holy City, we have the reputed tombs of the Apostle James and of Zacharias. The first is a strange, open erection, the name having grown out of the tradition that St. James lay concealed here, without food, from the time of Christ's betrayal until His resurrection. A later tradition fixes this grotto as his tomb. It is connected with the tomb of Zacharias, a pyramidal structure standing 30 feet high, by a long, rock-cut passage. Then, on "Gordon's Calvary," an eminence outside the city walls, we have an old tomb referred to as the tomb of Christ, the

rise to the present name.

Just beyond the Mount of Olives, which overlooks Jerusalem, lies the charming little village of Bethany, where dwelt Martha and Mary, whom Jesus loved, and also Lazarus. The latter's tomb is pointed out a little way to the north of the village, along one of the winding pathways. It is a cave deep down in the earth, and is reached by a flight of steps leading into a small antechamber, from which a few additional steps lead into the tomb itself. Above the tomb rises a mosque with a small minaret, for the Moslems, who regard Lazarus as a saint, have



Reputed Tomb of Jonah at Kefil, on the Euphrates, near Nedje.

*Photo /
A. B. W. Holland.*

THE WORLD'S MOST SACRED TOMBS

taken possession of the place. Although it is doubtful whether this spot really marks the resting-place of Lazarus, there would seem to be every reason to accept the monument on the road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem as marking the site of the burial of Rachel. It is some four miles from Jerusalem and two from Bethlehem. Its authenticity is admitted by most scholars. In the time of Moses a pillar marked the spot, while for centuries it was indicated by a mound of stones. The present building, which is in the form of a mosque, is much visited by pilgrims, particularly Jews. We all know

"knoweth where Moses was buried." It is these shrines, so obviously fictitious, that make many doubt the authenticity of others which tradition has pointed out as the actual site for many centuries.

To the south of Sychar, in Central Palestine, lies the so-called tomb of Joseph. A tradition of the fourth century locates here the "parcel of ground" where Jacob, on his return from Padan-aram, spread his tent and erected an altar, the land having been bought for a hundred pieces of money from the children of Hamor. It was afterwards given to his son Joseph, and there the



Rachel's Tomb,
Jerusalem.

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

the Bible story of how Jacob, just before he died, gave to his son Joseph a pathetic account of Rachel's death, telling of her dying and being buried as they came from Padan, "when there was but yet a little way to come to Ephrath—the same is Bethlehem."

The fact is, it is hardly possible to name a Bible hero whose supposed grave does not exist. Some of them are palpably absurd, such as the alleged tomb of Eve at Jeddah, a place of Mohammedan pilgrimage. According to Moslem traditions, the mother of the race was a veritable giantess, and her tomb is over 120 feet in length. Then they point out the spot where Moses was interred, away in the wilderness to the south of Jerusalem, yet "no man

children of Israel laid the bones of Joseph when they came out of Egypt. Mention should also be made of Joshua's tomb at Tibnah, to the south-east of the Sea of Galilee. From the fifth century one of the many rock groves here has been pointed out as being the burial place of Joshua.

Right down in the south-east of Palestine, on the borders of the great Arabian desert, where once stood Petra, the Edom of the Bible, rises Mount Hor, on the eastern peak of which is the traditional tomb of Aaron. A number of ruins also dot the summit, supposed to be the remains of an old monastery. Here, it is declared, Aaron was buried, and pilgrimages are occasionally made to his tomb. The latter is in the custody of the Mohammedans, and it requires some tact



British Military Cemetery
at the Front.

Photo : Newspaper
Illustrations, Ltd.

to induce them to allow Christians to enter. The structure is a miserable modern building containing a modern-looking sarcophagus.

Entering the edifice, one descends a narrow passage from a chapel to a subterranean vault, where a light is necessary to reveal the somewhat strange contents. Upon the tomb the Mohammedans have placed a number of garments, though for what purpose it is hard to determine. The tradition that Aaron was buried here is certainly very ancient, and is mentioned by Josephus.

There are many Arabic and Hebrew inscriptions scattered about the building, evidently the work of pilgrims. The view from the top is striking, including, as it does, the necropolis of Petra, the gorges and chasms of the mountains, and, to the west, the desert of Arabia.

Although we know that many of these old Bible tombs cannot possibly be genuine, yet the very fact that they have been revered as sacred sites for many centuries is a striking reminder of man's natural instinct to remember and honour the resting-place of

his fellows. He has done so from the earliest times—not for show, not out of rivalry, not because it is the fashion, but for love, out of respect and reverence for the departed. And it is that same love which animates our soldiers to-day, amid the noise and strife of battle, to remember the resting-place of their fallen comrades on the stricken fields of Flanders.

It is more than gratifying, therefore, to learn that the War Office has created a special department whose duty it is to preserve our soldiers' graves. Ever since the Battle of the Marne, units of the Adjutants-General's department were formed for this very purpose in France and Belgium, and later in Egypt and Salonika, and more recently in Mesopotamia. Their duty is to register the position of all graves and further see that they are marked with durable wooden crosses bearing a metal inscription giving the name, number, rank, regiment, and date of death.

So far as our armies in France are concerned, the cemeteries are immediately behind the British front and near the Field Ambulances, the Casualty Clearing Stations,

THE WORLD'S MOST SACRED TOMBS

and the hospitals farther back. The land has been generously given by the French Government as a permanent resting-place for our fallen heroes.

Furthermore, both Governments have entered into an agreement to provide for their maintenance in perpetuity, and a National Committee, to care for these graves after the war, has been appointed. With the King's consent the Prince of Wales has accepted the Presidency of this committee. This endeavour to inter our fallen soldiers in recognised cemeteries, to be maintained by both nations, is a thoughtful and commendable action, and one which will be more than appreciated by all relatives and friends.

Chaplains and men from the front tell me that these cemeteries are in woods and other sheltered spots.

"They are quiet, secluded, delightful

retreats," said one of the chaplains, "a fit resting-place after the noise of battle. As I have stood in these cemeteries," he continued, "and watched the interments carried out, I have often wished that folks at home who have lost dear ones could be there to witness the honour and respect that is paid to the mortal remains of these heroes. Each rests in a separate grave, and each bears its own wooden cross. I found the men who tend these cemeteries kindness itself. They never seem to be able to do enough for those that sleep there. They have fenced them in, erecting in some cases most charming entrances, built paths, erected seats, and covered the mounds with grass and flowers. In fact, the soldiers' cemeteries in France are quite a picture." Thus are the memories of our fallen heroes cherished, and love, life, hope—not death—triumphs.



British Military Cemetery
at the Front.

Photo :
Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.

A CASTLE TO LET

by
Mrs BAILLIE REYNOLDS

CHAPTER XIV

TOKENS IN THE SAND

THE following day was unsettled in respect of weather, and as everybody was tired after their journey, nothing particular was planned.

The Thurlows, acting upon Camiola's instructions, had brought out with them from England a complete set of lawn-tennis.

The instalment of the net upon the bowling green, and the marking out of the courts, kept all the party busy.

At lunch time Neville announced that he meant to go down to Ildestadt and back on foot, in order to find a solicitor, or the Transylvanian equivalent. He suggested that if Camiola wanted any message taken to Szass Lona, Reed might accompany him, and they could easily run there and back with the car.

This suited Camiola well, as there were details to arrange respecting Irmgard's arrival, which was to be on Monday. Neville accordingly departed, and, the weather being finer, Betty, Camiola, Mr. Bassett, and Conrad played tennis all the afternoon.

Camiola was in a restless, excited mood. The discovery of the previous evening interested her to a degree which surprised even herself. It showed her how deeply the mystery which overhung the Ilenthal, and a desire to penetrate it, had influenced her in taking the castle. The thought was stirring enough to unsettle her completely. If they really had, through the accident of a boy's heedlessness, stumbled upon the key to this enigma, then Orenfels would be, for a week or two, in the eye of all Europe. Their seclusion would be done away. Not even the steep road would keep tourists from flocking to see the solution of the problem which had agitated the press so wildly a few years back.

This was by no means desirable. Even

without Esler's petition, she would have kept what he disclosed to herself. Conrad, of course, prattled of the stalactites upon the brink of the water, which had looked like bones; but Esler tranquilly explained that he was mistaken, and showed a few bits of what was most decidedly stalactite, in support of his statement.

If the young peasant's theory were true—if some rock wall inside the mountain had really given way and allowed these grisly relics of a bygone tragedy to come to light, then what followed?

Would it be possible to ascend from the cave where the bones were found to the spot whence they had fallen? It seemed unlikely, since the catastrophe had apparently taken place at such an immense height above the abandoned quarry. Something of the kind suggested by von Courland was probably the case. Some footing had given way, precipitating the poor wretches into gulfs of grim darkness and death. One could but pray that their end had been rapid, and not the result of starvation.

In the garden that evening she came across Esler, watering cannas, and began to talk of it at once.

"I can think of nothing but those bones," she said urgently.

Esler started when she spoke to him, and looked up as though disturbed in a reverie. His manner was a little distract, as though he had something on his mind.

"I am thinking of it, too, gracious one. I want to go and investigate, but I am too busy at present to allow my mind to dwell upon the matter. It must stand over for the time being. Fortunately, nobody is likely to go to the place where the young Herr went, except ourselves."

"Oh, but Esler, if you knew how much I care about it!" she burst out. "I feel as if I simply *must* have my curiosity gratified. If I could find out what became of

Baillie Reynolds in the U.S.A.

A CASTLE TO LET

those people, I should tell myself that I had not lived in vain. Can't we do something?"

He set down his can and gazed at her wonderingly, wiping his hands upon a corner of his gardening apron.

"You really care so much?"

"Intensely. I believe that a desire to find out all about it had a great deal to do with my wanting to take the castle. Now, Esler, tell me the truth. Is there any reason why you do not want me to find out about it?"

She flung the question at him abruptly—unexpectedly—that he might not have time to be prepared for it—that she might surprise the truth from him. He was looking directly at her as she challenged him, and the expression in his attentive face did not change.

"There is no reason," he replied simply. Then his mouth relaxed, and he smiled shyly.

"I will confess to you," he owned, "that I was much afraid the Fräulein's coming would put a stop to my own investigations, which I have been carrying on for some time."

"Ah!" she cried quickly.

"If you are really eager," he went on slowly, watching her face with intentness, "I will do all I can."

She drew a long breath and gazed around her, as if wondering where to begin. "What a pity there are so many people here," she said, with a half laugh and a shrug. "Whatever is done, I want it to be done secretly. I do not want anybody to know anything about it until we have really discovered something definite."

"I am quite of your mind, Fräulein."

She was struck with a sudden thought. "Frau Esler knows? That was why she was so angry with me for coming?"

He replied with eagerness. "Yes, Fräulein, that was it."

"I knew there was something," she replied slowly, her eyes full of speculation. "I am so glad to find it was only that."

He lowered his eyes and moved a pebble about with his foot. "I will do all I can," he said, with an embarrassment which puzzled her. "Perhaps, to begin with, you would like me to show you something—only trifles, but something."

"Yes, yes, of course—anything!" she answered quickly.

"Now?"

"Yes, yes! Now, by all means."

He picked up his can, and led the way down the winding paths, to and fro, till they reached the garden foot, where was the hidden door of his cave. "Wait until I make a light," said he, going in and leaving her outside.

Presently he called, and she slipped under the tangle of creepers and entered.

Within, upon the rough wooden table, there was a lantern, which burned with a strong, clear light.

Esler went to a shelf and took down a box. He set it upon the table near the light, and unlocked it with a little key he took from his pocket.

Inside the box were various very small packages rolled in paper. He unfastened one, and laid upon her hand a circular object about the size of a halfpenny.

"What on earth is that?" she asked.

"I take it to be a button, Fräulein. If you hold it to the light you will see that it is pierced." He unrolled another. A bit of black stick about three inches long was produced. "That is a fragment of lead pencil," he informed her.

Another package contained shreds of fibrous stuff, which were possibly portions of some kind of fabric, cloth or the like. There was also a bit of bent wire which quite clearly had once been a hairpin; and last and most significant of all, the wire frame of a pair of pince-nez glasses.

That was all.

"You found these?" she asked, gazing at them in wonder.

"I found them in that sand," he replied, pointing to the barrow and the sifter which she noticed on her previous visit. "The sand that you see there was all collected by me from the floor of the Gaura Dracului. I found the bit of pencil accidentally when I was sitting in the cave one day and pondering. I was stroking the sand as I sat, and my fingers came upon this little hard thing. I examined it carefully, cut off a tiny bit, and found it was a pencil. That set me thinking. I collected sand from round the edges where it was deepest, and this is the result of sifting so far."

Camiola sat on the table, arms locked round her knees, so carried away that she could think of nothing else.

"Then," she said, "this seems to be evidence that they had been there—that it was from the cave that they disappeared?"

"It looks like it. All that is there was

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certainly once the property of human beings. How it got into the sand is the marvel."

"Well, but," cried the girl, "how could they possibly all fall down a fissure and leave no trace behind? They say there was not even a footprint!"

"I believe that to be quite true, Fräulein. My aunt herself can bear witness to it."

"Well, what *can* be the explanation?"

"At present there only seems one—the one the people hereabouts believe—that there is a monster who lives down there and that he showed himself. They may have been paralysed with terror. He was probably lurking in a recess of his den, so as to take them from the rear. If he drove them into the pit, his huge tail may have swept the sand smooth behind him."

"Esler, you don't yourself believe it?" she cried, almost imploringly.

He hesitated. "I did not at first," he replied slowly. "Up here in the mountains, however, one grows to think that there are strange things—"

He did not finish his sentence. The look in her eyes told him that she understood. They both remained silent for some time, pondering. She was the first to speak.

"We must not let the others go there," said she in a low voice.

"I am very glad you think that," he rejoined, with satisfaction.

"But you must take me there."

"No!" he cried sharply.

She looked him in the face. "You go there?"

"I? That is different."

"Have you ever seen anything unusual there?"

He replied unwillingly: "N-no."

"Very well, then; take me!"

He looked irresolute.

"You could go in first and see that it was safe," she suggested.

"Would you swear to do what I told you the moment I told you? Would you promise, if I said 'Run!' or 'Stand still!' rudely, as if I were your master instead of your servant, to obey on the instant?"

"Yes, of course. You would be leader of the expedition."

"Very well," he said, after a long indecision.

"But how is it to be done?" she demanded ruefully. "There are so many of us about."

He pondered. "Did I hear that the old

Baron von Orenfels had invited the whole party to lunch at the Round Tower next week?"

"Yes; we have agreed to go."

"Could you have a headache and stay behind?" he suggested. "They will not want me just to go down to Ildestadt. There are plenty of men to look after the ladies, and Erwald to stable the mules."

She hesitated. "I could not very well say I was ill and then go out, could I?" she objected.

He coloured a little. "Nobody need know you had gone."

"How do you mean?" she cried.

"If you tell Miss Marston that you are to be left quiet until you ring, she would not disturb you, would she?"

"Of course not."

"Very well. You can go out of your room by the secret door, and down the stairs that bring you out here in this cave."

Camiola gasped involuntarily. He started as if she had struck him.

"Fräulein, I ought not to have proposed this," he said in a hurried murmur; "I did not reflect. You would trust yourself to me, you would go out with me by a way that no one knows, you would go to a place of danger, and, as it would not be known even that you were out, they would be in doubt as to where to search for you should we not return at the time we expect. It is too much responsibility for me."

"There are stairs from this cave going up to the room where I sleep?" she echoed incredulously.

"Yes."

"Show me."

He took up the lantern and carried it before her to the dark recess of the cave. There could be clearly seen the foot of a spiral stair ascending.

"Oh, do let us go up!" she cried.

"You could not get into your room, Fräulein. I fastened the secret panel upon your side before you came here."

"Oh, I am glad you did that. But you can tell me how to undo it?"

"Yes. But do not use the stair, Fräulein. Forget what I said. I must not let you run risks."

"But what risk is there? Surely very little! How often have you been yourself to the Gaura Draculuj?"

"Oh, many times."

"And have you ever seen, on any occa-

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sion, any sign that anybody else had been there since your last visit?"

"Only once."

"Well—well—tell me! What did you find?"

"It was about three months ago," he said reluctantly. "I had been prevented from going because my aunt was ill. She had a sharp attack of bronchitis. It must have been about four or five weeks since I had last visited the place. I found fresh sand."

"Fresh sand?"

"Yes. It was more grey than the sand in which I had been searching. I had left it all trodden about with my footprints, and I had left a wooden box—the kind of box in which they pack sugar or biscuits—which I used to fill with sand. That was gone. The surface was swept quite smooth. I found both the hairpin and the spectacle frame, also most of the bits of fabric, in the new grey sand."

Her eyes were full of wonder, but she answered lightly: "That was not very alarming, was it?"

"Only because it showed that I was not the only person who came there."

"Yes. Oh, it *is* uncanny! You don't think that somebody here in the village, or down in Ildestadt, does it on purpose? Could it possibly be to anybody's advantage to frighten people away from these parts?"

"I cannot see that it could. Even if we could suppose it, they might surely use far more effective means to their end. On the other hand, one sees clearly that it would be for the good of the whole district to have the mystery solved."

"Of course it would. It is very puzzling. But I feel that I must see the place. Before the time that the tourists were lost it was not considered dangerous, was it?"

"No. The guides used to relate the legend of there being a dragon who lived down there. They used to roll big stones into the fissure, which echoed with a peculiar noise, supposed to be like the mutterings of a beast coiled up far down below. It was never supposed that he could get out. A few of the very old people—people living here in Maros—used to maintain that the monster still lived. Nobody else believed it."

"Well, I am going to venture. If you will not take me, I shall have to find another guide."

"Is it fair," he asked hesitatingly, "to put pressure on me like that?"

She contemplated him as he stood, holding the lantern which lit up his coarse shirt, his rolled-up sleeves, his gardening apron, and also his steady eyes and the resolute curve of his lips.

"I would trust you anywhere," she said gravely. "I absolve you from all responsibility. I will leave a note when I slip out, to be read if we do not return. When they break into my room, if such a proceeding should be necessary, they shall find a message saying where I have gone, and that it was I who insisted upon the expedition, much against your advice."

"I suppose the chances are a hundred to one against anything happening," he remarked meditatively.

"Anyway, it is an order," she said brightly. "You must take me."

He smiled a little in response to her brilliant glance. "I suppose that settles it," he said.

CHAPTER XV

THE BARON'S HINT, AND A DREAM

MEANWHILE Neville Thurlow was being borne swiftly in the car from Ildestadt down the valley to Szass Lona. His spirits were in a state of more perturbation than for years past. He was thinking of the pure pale gold of Irmgard's hair and how it nestled above the hidden tips of her delicately modelled ears.

When he reached the somewhat grim and frowning walls which contained his divinity he shivered.

The barracks were nearly three miles farther down the valley, where the Ildenfluss was spanned by an important bridge.

There was at that time no house in the village capable of accommodating the Austrian General, therefore it had been necessary to build one.

When, in the seventeenth century, the Transylvanian people, unable to defend themselves, annexed their country to the Dual Empire, the first step for their protection was to establish garrisons and send military governors.

The dwelling provided for the commanding officer was stiff, ugly, and inconvenient.

Mr. Thurlow was shown into a very gloomy interior, with a porcelain stove, spiky-looking chairs, and sofas with little tables and bits of carpet in front of them.

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There were pictures on the walls—reproductions of the Victorian mid-European school—which made one want to shut one's eyes.

When Irmgard stole into the room, it was as if some fay, imprisoned by mortals, glided through the incongruous dwelling. Her black frock emphasised her fairness, and made her skin and hair quite dazzling to the eyes of the usually unimpressionable Englishman.

At the sight of him the colour flowed beneath the flawless skin, in a fashion which almost bereft him of his self-control. There could be no doubt that she was pleased to see him. He sat down upon one of the sofas beside her, at her invitation, given with a pretty assumption of the duties of hostess, and put constraint upon himself to talk naturally.

She was delighted at his admiration of the Ilenthal, and listened eagerly to his description of their first expedition. She herself had been to the Trollzähner Falls, so would not miss anything by not having been a member of that excursion. She was counting the minutes until she was free to join them. The children and governess had already set out, and her father was leaving on the evening of Sunday, this being Saturday. She would be quite ready to go up to Orenfels on Monday, at any time that it suited Camiola to fetch her. The arrangements were made, to their mutual satisfaction, and then coffee was brought in. Neville thought he had never passed through a more delightful experience than this, of drinking coffee with this pale, sad girl in the dreamy void of the big, hideous room. The General joined them after a while. His English was not so good as his daughter's, but he managed to understand most of what was said, and was quite courteous, though thinking apparently of other things. He was a fair man, like his daughter in type; and Neville, regarding him in the light of a possible father-in-law, thought he would do very well.

When they had finished coffee, the host, rousing from a fit of brooding, somewhat pointedly invited the young man to stroll round the grounds with him. They stepped out of the French window and walked off, Irmgard remaining behind, as Neville could not help thinking, upon a hint from her father.

After ten minutes' conversation upon the

beauties of the district and his own projected tour, the General turned somewhat abruptly to young Thurlow, and said: "I am told your father was the guardian of the charming young lady Fräulein Francehein?"

"He was," replied Neville.

"I am glad you should be here," replied the Graf thoughtfully. "Hum! Ha! I wish not to speak too much—not too grave. What you call it in England when it not so grave as a warning, hein?"

Neville hesitated. "You wish to give me something in the nature of a warning?" he asked, in some surprise. "A hint, perhaps—a caution?"

"Caution, it is what I mean. I learn something a few days since. I did not know it when Meess France she make her mind to take the Schloss for a—a period. I think it is better to warn—to caution you than to speak to herself. She is young and she is a—a maiden."

"You are very kind," said Neville, "please tell me anything you think I ought to know."

"It is only that she should be on her guard—you must use your own mind in this matter—whether you should tell her, or keep it in your own head. Do I make myself intelligible?"

"Perfectly. You are about to put me on my guard, and I am to use my discretion as to telling my cousin what you say?"

"Precisely. That it is. You know there is in Ildestadt in the Frauenstrasse a shop—a Conditorei (confectioner's)—a good shop. *Gut!* The woman who keeps this shop is a Saxon, good and sensible, not like these Roumanians. She have a little maid who come from Maros—that is, from the cluster of chalets around the castle—on the Alp on which the castle stands. I am talking to her the other day—a worthy young woman, in my own service before her marriage. She speak to me of the young man up at the castle, that young Esler."

"Ah, yes; the young fellow who looks so well in the native costume," replied Neville, with interest. "He is a very clever mountaineer apparently. My cousin finds him most useful."

The Graf looked extremely grave. "He does not bear a good character in Ildestadt, I hear."

"Indeed? I am sorry to hear that. My cousin thinks highly of him, I believe."

"He is nephew to Frau Esler, who is a

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most worthy woman. When her old husband die last year, he come to live with his aunt. They tell me he keep a woman up there."

"Keeps a woman!" echoed Neville, in truly British disgust.

"Marie Vorst, she is a good woman, not a—a—what you say—not a—"

"Scandalmonger?"

"That it is! She is not a scandalmonger, but she tell me that the young man come down to Ildestadt and buy things—*delicatessen*—that he and his aunt do certainly not want. He buy many now he have more money from Meess France. Rahula, the sister of Marie's Miona, is now at the castle; she say she know there is a woman live up there. Very secret. I thought you ought to know this."

"Thanks very much," said Neville, after a pause. "You were quite right to tell me, and not Camiola. I gather that it would be better for her not to know, if we can keep it from her? She will only be here a few months, and if the fellow behaves himself, and does as he is told, I suppose his private arrangements are hardly our affair. I confess I am surprised. I should have thought Frau Esler a very typical faithful family servant. I am surprised she should countenance vice."

"So also was Marie Vorst. She say Frau Esler the best and the more honest of women. But the young man rule her. She say anything he tell her. She say the things he buy are all for her. She say he make of her an *enfant gâté*. They think she say what he tell her."

"How curious!" said Neville.

"I speak in chief for Meess France, but also because in her great goodness she have my boy and my girl there. I do not wish Conrad to be too much with a young man who behave like that."

"One can't quite see," observed Neville, "why he should, as you say, behave like that. Is there any reason why he should not openly be married? Why should he hide the woman?"

"That is more than I can tell you, unless he is living with someone else's wife," replied the General bluntly.

As he spoke a suspicion darted into Neville's mind, of so ridiculous a character that he laughed to himself. What if the concealed lady should be that identical Mrs. Cooper for whom he was searching?

He had duly found the *Rechtsanwalt* in

Ildestadt that afternoon, and he had not been very encouraging. However, as Mr. Cooper was prepared to spend money upon the quest of his erring partner, arrangements had been made to put the case into the hands of a firm of detectives at Buda-Pesth who had a branch in Transylvania.

It was, of course, overwhelmingly unlikely, but it was, on the other hand, possible, that the General had just supplied him with a clue. If that were so, he thought his best way of proceeding would be to conceal all that he had heard, and make it his business to find out as much as he could about young Esler—whence he came, and so on. It was, on the face of it, absurd to suppose that Mrs. Cooper had run away with a peasant; but Esler might easily be something better than a peasant. He had the manner of one above his station, quiet and deferential though he always was.

How earnestly Neville then wished that he had learned German in his youth! The fact that young Esler spoke no English at all was a complete bar to intercourse. When he came to reflect, it seemed also a complete bar to any theory that it was he with whom Mrs. Cooper had run from her husband. A man with no English at all could hardly have passed time enough in England to succeed in detaching a man's wife from her allegiance.

It was not a promising clue. The more he reflected upon the subject, the more unsatisfactory did it seem to be. Yet there was just the bare chance that there was something in it. He was very glad that Irmgard's father had spoken to him, and not to anybody else. He earnestly asked him to say nothing of it to any other person, and the General was only too glad to have shifted the responsibility of his knowledge to other shoulders. He impressed again upon Neville the fact that it was not serious enough to be described as a warning; it was merely a caution, and as such Mr. Thurlow assured him that he accepted it. They parted with mutual esteem, the Hungarian being much pleased with his own success in speaking the English tongue, and Neville hoping that he had made a good impression upon Irmgard's father.

The next morning was Sunday.

It was a lovely day, and the Popa from a neighbouring village came up to the castle and conducted a service at ten o'clock.

The Thurlows were somewhat shocked

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at the idea of being present at this service, but found Camiola so much more shocked at the idea of their being absent that they yielded gracefully. The entire population of the mountain hamlet seemed to be present; and men and women alike carried posies of flowers, a pretty custom which was new to all the English. The good Popa usually preached in the Roumanian tongue, since all the peasants in Maros were of that nationality, the Eslers alone excepted, though he could speak German when necessary. He was much pleased at being cordially invited to lunch afterwards.

Frau Esler was touched to find her young mistress so religiously inclined. The previous Sunday there had been no service; but seeing how much it was appreciated, the Popa eagerly volunteered to come every week, and Camiola readily agreed to subscribe the necessary sum.

In the afternoon they carried tea out into the woods above the castle—just far enough to give them all a good appetite. It was a glorious day, the sunshine poured through the green boughs, and the moss made cradles in which most people went to sleep with their novels.

Camiola lay planning and planning to herself, how best to manage her private expedition with Esler.

On second thoughts, she felt it would hardly be practicable to shirk the old Baron's invitation to lunch. Von Courland would be too disappointed, and she was most unwilling to hurt his feelings in any way. She thought the best plan would be to have her headache on the following day—Monday—and to send Betty and Neville to Szass Lona to fetch Irmgard.

Von Courland had promised to come on that day half-way up—as far as the Kurhaus—to show Mr. Bassett a pool where fish might sometimes be caught. He was to dine at Orenfels afterwards, and pass the night there. She might permit herself to recover from her indisposition in time for dinner in the evening.

The previous night, having carefully secured both doors of her room, she sought and found the hidden spring which Esler had described to her, and opened the secret door. In delicious terror she peered down the dark winding spiral, and sniffed the damp, mouldy scent which ascended. She held her electric torch above the void, and let it flicker upon the roughly mortared

stone. How glad she was that she had chosen her room in the oldest part of the castle! That alone made her projected expedition possible.

She ran out of doors after supper, found the gardener, and told him her new plan. He seemed a little vexed, she thought, that she should be so determined upon keeping her engagement to lunch at the Watch Tower. He raised no objections, however. He was as usual, submissive and ready to carry out orders. It was arranged that they should meet at two o'clock the next day, in the gardening cave, and proceed at once to the Gaura Draculuj.

"It is not so very far away," he said. "Not more than a couple of miles."

The anticipation of the coming adventure broke her rest that night, and gave her bad dreams. She did not, however, dream of the "laidly worm" which she had seen so clearly in sleep the first night she had passed in Ildestadt. It so happened that the conversation at dinner and during the evening had turned largely upon that very subject. Arnold Bassett remarked that there was, in his opinion, good evidence for the belief that saurian monsters had been found in remote districts to a much later date than was commonly supposed. There was the celebrated Dragon of Wantage, not to mention the dragon slain in Malta by Dieudonné de Gozon. "They have a legend of the same kind at Kronstadt," said von Courland. "There is a chasm in the Kapellen Berg known as the Nonnenloch, or Nun's hole, which was once the haunt of a monstrous serpent which used to pounce on travellers."

Conrad and Camiola capped this story with the legend of St. Iludemund, as given by Esler.

By the time they had done, most people were in a state of mind in which they were half prepared to believe that the Black Dragon or a descendant might actually survive.

In spite of it all, Camiola, when at last she did get to sleep, had a dream which seemed in no way connected with the subject which so preoccupied her thoughts, but was extremely vivid.

She dreamed that as she lay in bed there came a low knocking upon her door. In a panic she started awake, to find that it was only a dream. When she fell asleep again, and once more heard the knocking, she said to herself: "I am asleep; it is not

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"This was indeed a place
for nightmares"—p. 511.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

real. Come in!" In response to this invitation, the secret door in the panelling opened, and Esler, in his mountaineering dress, with a coil of rope round his waist, came in, and said calmly: "This way, please."

Upon this summons she rose from her bed, not at all surprised to find that she was wearing a gown of a wonderful shade of red brocade, and followed him from the room. They went into the long gallery which ran the length of the Tudor wing, and passed through a door whose existence she had not suspected—a door in the wood-work, entirely concealed when closed. It seemed to her that they proceeded through endless passages, through suites of empty rooms, up and down stairs, along places where she had to stoop, almost to creep. Esler went along before, never speaking, and she followed as best she could. At last they came to a door at the end of a dim passage, showing above it the rafters of the roof unceiled. She felt the door to be the extreme end of everything. She had

the feeling of reaching the *dénouement* of an exciting story, or awaiting the elucidation of a mystery. "Now," she thought, "I shall understand! I shall know everything!" Her guide laid his hand upon the knob of the door, and turned to her with a smile of triumph on his lips. His eyes were sparkling, his head was held high, and he looked like a conqueror exulting in victory.

Without a word he slowly, slowly, opened the door. There before them in the centre of the room stood a couch, on which was stretched a woman asleep. The whole place was fragrant with flowers—they were white flowers. There was a radiance of countless tapers; surely it was a *chapelle ardente*; she saw, as her eyes ranged, in the background the kneeling figure of a priest. There was a faint sound of distant chanting. Surely the lady was dead! . . .

The thought struck her like a blow. Esler was so happy, so triumphant; and yet this lovely woman was dead! What could it mean? She began to sob in her sleep. In woe she crept nearer, till she was

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kneeling on the ground quite close to the couch, her hands clasped, her tears flowing.

Then the lady opened her eyes, turned her head, gave her a smile which was the counterpart of Esler's—a smile so brilliant and unearthly that the shock of it awoke her.

She was in her bed; the dawn was just beginning to creep in at her windows. So vivid had the dreaming been that still she seemed to sense the perfume of the flowers, to hear the faint solemn chanting. It seemed to her that she lay a long time, while slowly her dream self crept back to join its body, lying in the bed. There came to her a baffling sense of mystery—of something unexplained. She felt sharply and with anger that she did not know her castle, that it was full of secrets which it kept from her.

That door in the gallery! How clearly she had seen it! Nobody had ever suggested a door there! But then, it was only yesterday that she had first learned the existence of a secret door in her own room!

To her surprise she felt the tears rushing from her eyes. "I am only an English tourist," she was thinking, "with money enough to wring, from the necessity of this old family, the right to inhabit their home. But it is theirs—theirs—not mine! I am nobody; just Miss France, of South Kensington, with hardly any ancestors and no ancestral halls. I am a mere masquerader here, and the long, silent, patient ages are laughing at me."

At this distressing moment, when everything actual seemed valueless beside the imaginings of her own brain, one very comforting thought came to her and cheered her.

Von Courland had said that she had come to turn their luck—to turn the luck of this secret, grim, reserved old castle which would not confide in her! The fantasy pleased her. She smiled to herself, and began to follow out the thought. The fairy prince or princess who comes to the rescue is always resisted by the bad luck fairies, who do all they can to prevent the champion from winning through. But if pluck and persistence could do it, she, Camiola, meant to win through.

She thought of Esler's smile of radiant triumph, of the waking lady's glorious joy....

"It was a lovely dream," she told her-

self, "and most encouraging. I have dreamed a kind of sleeping-beauty allegory. I have got to reach the farthest point, and break the spell."

So thinking, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVI

GAURA DRACULUJ

TWO o'clock was just tolling out sadly from the plaintive old clock which hung above the outer gate, and which had not been set going for years until Camiola summoned a clockmaker from Ildestadt, and had it all taken to pieces, oiled, repaired, and made to lift up its voice once more.

The muller reached the lowest spiral of her secret stair, and saw the glimmer of Esler's lantern in the cave below.

There she stood—as unlike an invalid as anything you could fancy—accoutred for her adventure in a rose-coloured golfing jersey and cap, with short frieze skirt to match. Her boots would have gladdened the heart of any mountaineer. Her eyes were sparkling, and her dark hair clustered in little rings on her forehead under the cap. She looked more like a merry boy than an heiress.

Esler, with his coil of rope round his waist, was so like he had appeared in her dream that for a moment he made her jump.

"Oh dear," she sighed, "I feel a guilty wretch! Your kind aunt has been in such a state because I was ill. She sent me up for lunch such broth as I never tasted. How she could have had it ready all in a minute is a puzzle to me! She is a wonderful cook! I was touched, too, by her minding whether I was ill or not, for I always thought she didn't like me a bit."

"Some people," observed the young guide, trimming his lamp, "some people make you like them, whether you wish to or no."

Camiola chuckled, and began to sing softly:

"You made me love you!
I didn't want to do it!" . . .

He looked up in surprise. "Only a silly London song! What you said put me in mind of it," she explained. "Well, is all ready? Shall we be off?"

"The sooner the better," rejoined he

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His manner was full of confidence and energy. He uttered no more warnings. Having made up his mind to the expedition, he had no intention of going back on his decision.

"We must go along a passage here," he continued. "It is not very high, but you can manage all right. I will tell you when to dip your head."

So saying, he handed her a candle in a glass shade, and moved before her to the left of the cave, whence a winding path went down, as it were, into the bowels of the earth.

"This," he said presently, "was the secret way into the castle. In the fourteenth century the overlord of the Vale of Yndaia was besieged for three months in the castle by the Voyvod of Menes-Gola. All that time provisions were sent in nightly by way of this tunnel from Ildestadt. The enemy, who could not conceive by what means the garrison held out, set spies in all directions; and at last one of these followed a man up from the town, tracked him to this spot, and saw him enter the mountain. The night was so dark that he could hardly say how he entered—simply he disappeared. The besiegers thought there would be no difficulty by daylight in finding the way in. They failed to do so, however, search as they might, so they set a watch of six men. Each of these was slain by an arrow from an unseen marksman. I will show you presently the hole through which they took aim. The next food-carrier, when he came up, found six of the enemy dead. After that the siege was raised. They thought the devil was on the side of Orenfels."

Camiola was much pleased with this story, and asked many questions. He told her that some thought Orenfels was a corruption of Ohrenfels, the rock with an ear, in allusion to the hidden loop-hole.

They had come by this time to the concealed outlet. He showed her the tiny cleft through which the arrows had been shot, and then, opening the door, which revolved upon a pivot, let her out into the sunshine of the mountain-side.

When he had closed the aperture behind him, it was indeed hard to tell which was the door, of all the big stones which looked so much alike.

"We will go the quickest way," he said, "and that is through part of the cavern which you know already, Fraulein—the

cavern which we usually enter from the keep."

They crossed a little depression in the hill-side, clambered over the hillock beyond it, and entered a curious cave mouth, almost blocked with stones, so that she had to clamber over. Once inside, however, it was possible to stand upright; and on they went, through winding ways, until they came down into the home cavern as it was called, and were met by the musical song of the little stream rushing along its subterranean course.

They followed it to the arch where it emerged, and at that point Esler stopped, and handed his lamp to her. "If you will hold both the lights, I will carry you across," he said.

She readily complied, and, taking her in his arms, he stepped carefully into the swiftly running water, took a couple of strides, and set her upon the farther side.

Thence, a bit of a climb up a steep place, in which centuries ago iron staples had been fixed to make the ascent easier, brought them out into an open cavern, whose terrific roof seemed like the top of a huge jaw, which might descend and crush them at any moment; and thence into the full light of day once more.

"We cut off a mile by coming that way," he told her. "But if we have to bring the party, we shall not use it. I never let people know that the Gaura Draculuj can be reached by the home cavern. It is better not."

Camiola did not reply. She was so impressed by the spot in which she now found herself that she could think of nothing else.

They stood half-way up one side of a mighty ravine. There was no vegetation, nothing but bare rock, scraped and striated by the movements of some mighty glacier in bygone ages. Far, far below their feet the torrent roared, sullen in a channel only a few feet in width, but very deep, so Esler told her.

In front of them, up the ravine, an enormous black rock blocked the horizon. Already it had cut off the sun, and the whole gruesome place was in shadow. This was indeed a place for nightmares. As they two stood gazing forth into the savage gloom, the story of the Black Dragon changed suddenly from legend to fact. It must be true, was the girl's insistent thought.

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The path upon which they stood was just wide enough to be safe. It had the look of having been artificially cut.

"Does it make you dizzy?" inquired the young man, after an earnest look at his charge.

"Not dizzy. But it is impressive," she almost whispered. "Isn't it?"

He assented. "It is like the Valley of the Shadow of Death," he remarked; adding hurriedly: "I have read that book—in a translation, of course."

"Yes, it is," she responded sympathetically; "fiends, hobgoblins, and dragons of the pit!" She shrank back a little, as he moved onward.

He glanced quickly at her. "Take my hand," he said, in a voice of quiet encouragement. "I have been here so often that it is nothing to me; but I know it's a bit nasty at first."

She gave him her hand with eagerness, and his warm fingers closed about it. This encouraged her most surprisingly, and she went on bravely. After a silence she faltered: "I didn't expect it would be like this."

"If you come in from the other end, it isn't nearly as bad," he told her; "but I thought I would bring you this way; you appreciate——"

He broke off, a little consciously, as though he feared to have been familiar. Evidently she had no such thought. She walked along with her eyes wide and eager, her expression that of concentrated resolution.

Soon they turned a corner to their right, and it could be seen that the grim black mountain did not completely cut off the way, for a path bent round and led to a gully between two hills.

Here, with no precipice looming, she could walk safely. She detached her hand from the clinging warmth of his, and felt an immediate cessation of a curious tingling, like the flowing of an electric current, of which she had been conscious.

Neville Thurlow, speeding in the car down the easy valley road to Szass Lona with the hope of seeing Irmgard in his mind, dreamed of nothing less than that his cousin was at that very moment alone on a secret expedition in the heart of the hills, with the young man concerning whom there was such unpleasant scandal in the town.

Though the way they now went was safe,

it was as gloomy and as awe-inspiring as before. In the narrow gully where they walked, the black peaks almost met overhead. Before them arose a medley of rocks like shattered towers crushed in an earthquake. Among them Esler wound his way, until, looking back, she could not perceive the path by which they had come.

At last he paused near a tall, natural archway in the rock, and, setting down what he carried, examined carefully the light of his lantern.

As Camiola had brought an electric torch with her, they left her candle-stick outside on a rock.

"That will be a clue when they come to find us," said the girl mischievously.

"Don't!" he replied sharply.

"Why did you bring all that rope?" she asked, watching him.

"Because—in case of accidents," he answered. "One never knows on a mountain."

Rising, he gave the word to enter. They walked along a fine, spacious cave, growing darker and darker as they advanced. Esler went forward slowly, flashing the light of his lantern into every corner. Camiola did the same. Once he paused, and stood motionless, staring into a dim angle of the rock. "Stay where you are," he murmured under his breath. She stood while he crept forward, silent-footed, and focused the whole radiance of his light upon the obscure corner. Nothing was there. He turned, and made her the signal to advance.

The walls closed in as they went on, until it was a narrow tunnel, and ere long they stood before a low arch, not more than three feet high. There was sand upon the ground, and Esler, stooping, examined it with minute care.

"This is just as I left it," he said. "I made that tiny cairn of stones. Nobody has passed out or in since I was here last. Now, please, wait here, while I go in and reconnoitre."

She sat obediently down upon the ground, without a word. Her heart was thumping, but she betrayed no signs of nervousness. Esler stooped, went through the arch and disappeared. She waited a minute or two, and then came his voice. "It is quite all right," he said, "you had better come in on your hands and knees; it is about eight feet before you can stand upright."

She obeyed, and, crawling rapidly



"And then, catching the rope,
she began to climb"—p. 514.

*Drawn by
A. C. Michael.*

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through, stood on her feet within, and brushed the sand from her knees.

"Gaura Draculuj," said Esler simply.

He had lit up two rows of candles, one on each side, so that she could see well. She stood in a cavern, the shape of which was, roughly speaking, semi-circular. They had entered at about the middle of the curved side. The wall which faced them was almost vertical and very lofty. Between it and the place where they stood yawned a chasm, the farther edge of which was formed by the wall itself. It extended the whole width of the cave, and was about twelve feet across, though not quite regular in shape. The floor was not level, but sloped slightly inwards to the fissure, in circular fashion, like one half of the shallow mouth of a funnel.

The first thing which struck her particularly was the heat. The place was like a mouldy conservatory. She contemplated the black, faintly damp walls. There were no deep recesses; no place in which a monster could lie *perdu*. Esler answered her unspoken thought.

"If our preposterous theory were true," he murmured, "if there were a monster, he must have been lurking outside in the large cavern and followed them in."

She shrank back with a nervous glance. "If anything *could*—suppose, I mean, that anything *did*—come in now, what would you do?" she whispered.

He pointed to a rope, with a looped end, which dangled from one wall. "I have been at work here on and off for months," he said, "and the first thing I did was to plan a retreat. I have cut footholds a long way up, and then there is an ascending ledge. I think you could go up, at least some of the way, and I could follow, hand over hand, and pull you up, if you were not able to go far."

She looked at the rope a little doubtfully. "If fear drove me, perhaps I could," she laughed. "But not hand over hand!"

"Of course not. I served my time in the navy, and I know how to show a clean pair of heels. If I learnt nothing else, I learnt that. I cut the foot-holds, because it has of course always been my intention to share my discovery, should I make one. Will you let me try if I could get you up?"

She consented, feeling that she would have a much easier mind should she feel herself able to make a sudden escape.

Esler buckled his lantern on his arm,

seized the rope, gave a swing, and had run up the foot-holds in a minute. "Now sit in the rope, and use your hands to help," he cried. "Do it as rapidly as you can."

She did as she was told at once. Sitting in the loop, and grasping the rope firmly, she was hauled up, using the foot-holds as levers, and found herself landing upon a damp, clammy shelf of rock, which formed a kind of path, leading upwards in a slant, along the wall's face.

"I have an idea," observed Esler, "that there is a way out up here, if one could find it. I explored one day, a good way along, and I could not help thinking that at one time a path had been partially cut, leading down from above."

"It's rather dizzy," she remarked, laughing.

"You would soon grow used to it, I think. Now I will let you down, and you shall try going up by the foot-holds."

She was nothing loath. He let her down carefully, following himself; and then, catching the rope, she began to climb, he standing below and encouraging her. It was easy enough for the first step or two. Then came a difficult one. He assured her the next was easier. She plucked up courage, found to her joy that above the bad place the slope was in her favour; and, finally, landed triumphantly on the ledge to Esler's unconcealed satisfaction.

She drew a breath of relief; as she did so, a sound startled her. It was a low, chuckling laugh, quite distinct. She glanced down at him in panic. "Oh, what's that?"

"That's all right; I often hear it," he replied tranquilly. She stood, straining her ears for a repetition of the sound. "Come down to me," he whispered; "we will go to the edge of the chasm and look over. It is all right. I made a big cross in the sand last time I was here, and I found it just the same. The least touch must have disturbed it."

She descended, quite successfully, and they crept very cautiously to the brink of the horrible chasm. Though not perfectly regular in shape, it did not vary much in width. From end to end it measured twenty feet or more.

Lying down quite flat on his chest, Esler held his light as far outward and downward as he could. The depth was sheer, as far as they could see.

"They let a man down on a rope," he murmured, "and, as I think it tells you in

A CASTLE TO LET

the guide-book, they found some bones—sheep bones—on a ledge about eighty feet down. They dared not go lower because of the atmosphere; the lamps they lowered would not burn below about a hundred and twenty feet."

A thought came to Camiola, and she could not help laughing at her own folly as she voiced it. "Do you think lights would make it angry?"

"I have never heard that. It is rolling down rocks that seems to irritate it. At least, poor old Hoffmann said so."

"Hoffmann did not tell you what he saw?"

"No; he told my aunt. He was a friend of theirs, you know. He said that he grew so enraged—but I ought to explain a little. The case, you see, was this. He found himself faced with ruin. The disappearance was the talk of the whole country. The thing was so unaccountable that stories of foul play actually got about. It was said that two of the victims—spinsters of middle age from the United States—had with them a fabulous amount of ready money and jewels, and that Hoffmann, in order to possess himself of these things, had arranged a wholesale murder. The tale would not hold water for a moment; but you know how these things persist. The American papers were very cruel. Well, he determined that at whatever cost he would wring the secret of this cave from it. He came up here alone—I suppose he really was half-crazed—and rolled a whole lot of stones in from the outer cave, and sent them crashing down into the depths. He told my aunt that, listening very keenly, he could hear that some fell much farther than others, and that those dropped over on the extreme right went down the deepest. Then suddenly, as a particularly large one crashed down, he heard a long-drawn hiss, like twenty snakes, fire and smoke came up from the pit, and in the midst there appeared the head and neck of an enormous

serpent, black and shining, hissing like the very devil. He says it reared its head above the pit's mouth and looked at him; then, roaring and muttering, subsided into the hole, sank, and was seen no more."

As his musical voice ceased, there came again that low chuckling from the depths of the fathomless abyss.

"How perfectly awful!" cried Camiola. "But you know the thing did him no harm. That doesn't account for the tourists, does it?"

"Ah, well, it wasn't hungry at the time, you see," he remarked, with much meaning.

She contemplated the inky depths. "I don't believe *anything* could come climbing up that," she remarked sceptically.

"Not any ordinary thing, I grant you," he replied absently.

Once more the chuckling sounded. "He seems to understand German," observed Camiola idly.

The young man laughed, showing all his short, even teeth. Their faces were quite near each other, appearing somehow different from usual in the glimmering light of the lantern and candles.

"I suppose," she said slowly, with a meaning glance at the fine collection of rocks piled up against one side of the cave, "that we had better not try to irritate him to-day?"

"We haven't time," he said, taking out his watch, "if you want to be back in your room by the time Fräulein Maldovan reaches the castle. We must come again. If you can get out of the way so quickly, there ought not to be much risk."

"If he can rise out of that hole, surely he could rise to the place where we were standing?" she suggested.

"I'm a good shot," remarked Esler quietly, "and a bullet through his brain ought to quiet him."

[END OF CHAPTER SIXTEEN.]



PEACE-OR WAR?

A Frank Discussion of the Position of Women after the War

By DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

A GREAT deal has latterly been written about the position of women after the war. The subject has been treated from all standpoints, varying from that of the amiable gentleman who told us the other day that when the men come home again the women will jolly well have to knuckle under (his language was more pedagogic, but it came to the same thing), to the one adopted by the advanced female who, almost simultaneously, announced that after the war England will practically be ruled by women.

Both forecasts are equally unpleasant and unlikely. But there is a good deal to think about as regards men and women and the relationship between them after the war.

The feeling between the sexes has never, for many years, been so good as it is now. In the hour of need men and women have risen alike. Without doubt each has learned to value the other more. Despite the grim conditions now existing, perhaps because of them, we have all become ardent sentimentalists. The Spirit of Romance has things all her own way. Yet, if we are not careful, very careful, there will in the years after the great war be another struggle—a bitter, degrading one, between the men and women in this country. It sounds absurd, but it is nevertheless true.

These facts will have to be faced.

After the war—

(1) *Women will predominate still more largely over men than hitherto.*

(2) *There will, owing to economic conditions, be the necessity for an increased number of women to earn their living.*

(3) *Women workers who, since the war, have received a fair remuneration will not be content to go back to their former underpaid conditions.*

On the other hand there will be—

(1) *Thousands of men returning to their former occupations whose places have, in their absence, been filled by women.*

(2) *Thousands of men returning who will be forced to find new work.*

(3) *Thousands of men returning for the first time to a settled married life.*

These things must come to pass. There are others one might forecast, but it is as well to keep to the inevitable. The proposition is quite stiff enough even then. At the best, there will be bitterness, quarrelling and discontent among the sexes. The years after the war will be very hard years—hard for men, perhaps harder still for women.

But much can be done if only we prepare—at the minute not so largely practically as mentally. Prepare our minds to accept willingly new conditions; to aim willingly at new ends; to consider, if we be men, the adoption of a new attitude towards women; to consider, if we be women, the adoption of a new attitude towards men. It has to be done some time, and the sooner we begin to think about it the better. For not even the most ardent patriot amongst us but must own that, in the uptake of new ideas we are, as a nation, extremely slow.

I have heard it called pig-headed.

The New Democracy

To begin with, if we would avert a struggle degrading to our manhood and womanhood alike, we must bring our minds to the idea of a new England—an England more democratic, more efficient, and less given over to archaic traditions than ever before.

We must put these ideals in front of us:

(1) *Realise that the nation, taken as a whole, must be a nation of workers, men and women alike.*

(2) *See to it (it should by rights be law) that all boys and girls receive at least an efficient training.*

(3) *Aim at a simpler, more communistic life.* It is the only hope of happiness and any sort of comfort in myriads of homes during the hard years to come.

(4) *Lay for ever the ghastly spectres of false gentility and "keeping up appearances" (viz. always trying to appear rather*

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better off than one really is) which have so long been the bugbears of the middle class at least.

For all these things the war has paved the way. It only behoves us to go farther on the same road. We are already simpler, less pretentious, more efficient, than we were. But we must see to it—and in this respect women are the worst offenders—that we never again revert to the ridiculous cult of always trying to outdo our neighbour. It is only by being content with less, by realising clearly the narrow dividing line between comfort and just that little extra bit of show, that the strain can be relieved.

Woman's Work

A great deal of nonsense has always been talked as to what is the work for a woman, and what is not. The two points that seem usually overlooked are :

(1) *It is primarily economic need that has driven women into the labour market.*

There are still many worthy people who dogmatise on the theme that the only career for a woman is a husband and children, and yet apparently never consider that it is numerically impossible (that is, without polygamy, at the very mention of which they look shocked) for more than a small proportion to acquire these desirable objects. We may all of us believe that marriage is really the happiest walk in life for the average woman, but, that being so, why handicap more the unfortunate creatures who are, so to say, left out in the cold? They should surely have the greater help and consideration as a consolation for their unavoidable misfortune. It must undoubtedly come to pass that after the war the number of women who cannot find husbands, and who, therefore, will be obliged to fend for themselves, will be largely increased, and there must either be a widening field of labour thrown open to them, or the competition will be of the cruellest. The only reasonable plan seems to be to admit women equally with men to practically all professions they may desire to enter.

Which leads on to a second point so often overlooked in any discussion on woman's work.

(2) *Unless a woman (or man either, for that part) is capable of doing any particular work well she will not succeed at it.*

This fact seems usually forgotten by those who argue that women are physically or mentally unfitted to take up some specified profession. It is, however, an almost complete answer to their argument. At present the situation is so illogical. We have women doctors and women nurses, perhaps the two most strenuous occupations in the world, yet women are not permitted to take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge or to practise regularly in any branch of the law. It may be perfectly true that a vast number of women are not fitted for great physical or mental strain; it may be only a minority who will succeed; but that only points the argument that, if women were allowed to take up freely any career that appealed to them, no harm would be done, for the simple reason that only those equal to their task would stay at it. The others, for most women are practical by nature, would soon turn their attention to occupations more suited to them.

The Man's Point of View

But what about the men, the men who have done their bit for England, and will be returning once more to civil life? It may be argued that for them, if women are allowed still greater privileges in the world of work, the struggle for existence will be made unbearably hard. But this is not sound reasoning. The years after the war are bound to be ones of great unrest; unemployment will be rampant, competition keen; but by allowing those who are most capable, whether men or women, an equal chance, we shall not make the conditions of life harder. On the contrary, it will make for efficiency, and in this respect it must not be forgotten, although it is sad to remember, that for the time being the larger proportion of sound bodies and sound brains in this country will belong to women. And there should be a place in the great task of reconstruction for every capable worker we can find. It is, therefore, essential that, quite apart from financial need, women must do their share in the nation's work, must be admitted with men as equal citizens. No half measures will do it, and as regards the feeling between the sexes, men invariably give with a better grace the large things than the small. After all, too, we cannot let our womenfolk starve, and unless they work or are supported

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by their male relations that is the only alternative. And men, except husbands, as a rule show no particular desire to keep their odd female belongings. Marriage is a different matter, which brings us to the last, although perhaps most important, of the problems that will affect men and women after the war.

In Aid of Homes

After the war Romance will not die. There is no fear of that. It may, perhaps, appear less on the surface, but human nature will still remain the same. And it is always human nature to love and marry and found a home.

But the question will be whether in a vast number of these reunited or newly-founded homes there will be happiness or that bitterness which nearly always follows an ineffectual struggle to make both ends meet. And it is here that the State must step in.

Influential people are always talking about the welfare of the homes of England, and how important it is that they should increase and flourish and a healthy new generation be ensured to us. This is all true, but what is also quite apparent to any student of the subject is that, unless after the war the Government sees to it that some form of solid help is given, the homes of England, taken as a whole, will not flourish. Quite the contrary.

The following suggestions, although of necessity imperfect, give some idea as to what might be done:

(1) *Every man, of reasonable age and good record, should on marriage receive an annual allowance from the State, to last so long as he has a home to keep together and his income is below a certain amount.* This, of course, should be retrospective. It should also, but this opens up another subject, under the same conditions, be given to widows who have families to support.

(2) *Every woman on marriage should receive a State bonus, provided her husband's and her own independent income do not exceed a certain amount.*

(3) *Rates and taxes should be lowered for married men in accordance with their incomes and families.*

(4) *A State bonus should be paid at the birth of each child: with the same conditions as regards the income of the parents.*

These ideas may not be entirely practicable, but it is quite certain that something must be done to the same effect. And there is plenty of money that is now either hoarded or wasted on unnecessary things that could be employed. And we have got to see to it that those married men who have sacrificed so much shall not be penalised by their patriotism.

Their womenfolk too—the wives who have suffered and waited at home—for them the happiness of reunion must not be spoiled by the spectre of want. For whilst love in a cottage is in every way as ideal as love in a castle, it is only exceptional, almost impossible, natures that can stand the strain of a continual struggle against poverty.

The New Spirit

When all is said and done, that is the crux of the whole matter. There is now alive a new spirit, a spirit of mutual respect, admiration, and, above all, understanding between the men and women of our nation.

This spirit must not after the war be allowed to die. When we once more settle down to a life of ordinary occupations, we must cherish it and never let it be forgotten in the prosaic routine of everyday life. Otherwise we shall lose it altogether, and, horrible prospect, return to the days of militant suffragettes, deceitful politicians, and all the humiliations of sex warfare, only far more fierce than anything we have yet known. But prevention is better than cure is one of the wisest of our proverbs, and if we are now alive to the danger we shall be half way towards overcoming it. Men must, above all, realise that it is inevitable that women should work beside them, and not attempt to refuse them equal rights in the world of labour. Women must, above all, realise that they are fellow-workers, and not expect both gallantry and comradeship. The two don't go together. Men must give more, women expect less; only thus will the balance of happiness be preserved—the balance that means so much to each one of us.

To come down to simple truths, after all, what we shall need then, as always, is the spirit of forbearance, or, to put it better, the spirit of peace and goodwill towards men—and women.

ONE DAY AND Afterwards

A South African Story

By DONALD BRUCE

I

IN the early morning of a June day Hugh Maclean walked up Church Street, Maritzburg, on his way to the railway station. Two travelling bags and his overcoat were in the ricksha which the native pulled silently by his side; but Maclean himself could not rest to be driven that morning—he must walk. The Day had come.

"*Baas!*" said the Zulu solemnly, as he received double fare in his hand. "*Maninga mochly, Baas!*" He was more accustomed to having his proper fare reduced with much rough language; and henceforth this man would be to him what, in his simple heart, he had long ago believed all white men were: "very plenty good." Brushing aside the obsequious coolie porter, he did what few ricksha boys ever do—he carried the travelling bags and the overcoat along the station platform to the Durban train, and himself carefully placed them in the vacant compartment Maclean had selected.

The guard waved his flag, the train started, and Maclean threw his tall figure into a corner of the carriage and stretched his legs along the wide seat. And as the train presently slowed up at the little way-side station of Umsindusi, got one passenger on board, and vigorously resumed its course southward, Hugh Maclean traversed in his mind the steps of the life-journey that had led up to this day.

The garden party at the Manse of Barry had been the first of it.

"I want to introduce you to some special friends," said the minister's charming wife as she led him along the box-bordered path to meet two new arrivals. "You dear girls!" she said as she kissed them both. "I knew you'd come. Let me introduce Mr. Hugh Maclean—Miss Amy and Miss Marjorie Elliott."

Two hands were frankly stretched out to him, and he looked into a pair of laughing blue eyes and a pair of soft brown eyes in turn.

"But what has become of the doctor, Marjorie?" said the minister's wife with a roguish smile. And the brown-eyed girl answered:

"Oh! he's so sorry. He was called to a case on the way coming here, and we were to convey to you his sincere regrets."

So the dark-eyed girl, who carried herself with princess-like grace, was Marjorie; and the dainty little vision in white, with masses of fair shining hair under the broad-brimmed black hat, was Amy. It was strange how he should have thought about this that very first day—and yet not strange. It was the first link in the long chain.

The garden party was followed by a visit with the minister and his wife to Captain Elliott's charming old place at Panbride. That was the second link. Then he returned to London, and by and by got the call to Maritzburg.

His work in the Colonial Office in the old-fashioned capital of Natal kept him fully occupied, and old home scenes gradually grew less and less distinct. But one day, as Maclean walked down the Botanic Gardens Road thinking of nothing in particular, the vision of a blue-eyed girl in white, with masses of fair hair under a broad brimmed black hat, came before him with such vividness that for a moment he almost expected to see Amy Elliott beside him. "Why should I think of her to-day?" he asked himself audibly. "She is nothing to me." And even as he said the words, the vision returned with such insistence that the revelation stunned him. He turned and slowly walked home.

The days that followed were full of mental warfare, but at the end of a week his mind was made up. Yet, straight dealing as he was, he could not start a correspondence and put plain questions without some preliminary manoeuvring. He hated the idea of manoeuvring, but in this case it was needful.

A book of Maritzburg views and his card enclosed "In remembrance of Barry and

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Panbride" solved the problem, and so, in simple friendly fashion, the correspondence began. About six months after his first letter he felt the time had come. She must know the truth ; he must know her answer.

It was a manly letter, like the man who wrote it, asking Amy Elliott if she could ever care enough to cross the sea for his sake. By the same mail he wrote to the old captain ; and a message also went to the minister of Barry in which he said : " I'm holding you and your wife responsible for the fact that I lost my heart in your grounds last year ; and unless Amy Elliott brings it out here with her, I'll never see it more. Dear old chap, say a word for me, will you, at Panbride ? " And then he waited.

The train was nearing Inchanga as Maclean took two letters from his pocket-book—cut and frayed at the folds with much handling. The first letter was very brief, and the dainty handwriting not quite so assured as usual :

" DEAR MR. MACLEAN,

" I do not know what to say in reply to your letter this mail. You have done me the greatest honour in your power, and I thank you from my heart. But your question means so much to you and to me that I dare not answer hurriedly. I must be absolutely sure of myself. You will have a letter next mail.

" Your friend most truly,

" AMY ELLIOTT."

The second letter was brief, too, but oh ! how much it contained in its sweet, shy reserve !

" DEAR,—Your heart will understand that one word.

" Looking back, I feel it has been with me as with you—caring since the first day we met, though my eyes were blinded. Now I know that you have entered my life, and you can never leave it.

" There are strange joy-tears in my eyes as I answer your question. Yes, gladly, proudly, I will be your wife ; and when you bid me come, I will cross the ocean for love of you.—For ever yours,

" AMY."

There was one other treasure in the pocket-book—a photograph of Amy and Marjorie together in the old garden at home. " You won't mind this double

picture, dear," Amy had said. " It's really the best I have of me ; and somehow I have the sentimental feeling that I don't want to be photographed again till I am with you." It was a charming picture—Amy with her dear, dazzling, sunny smile, and Marjorie with her beautiful dark eyes. Marjorie always had something so princess-like in her bearing that for a long time Hugh in his letters had said : " Love to my princess."

Earnestly Hugh looked at the picture, gazing into the blue eyes of the dainty little girl who had won his heart.

" My wife to be ! " he whispered. " I shall hold you to-day—my very own ! "



On the pier at Durban a crowd of expectant people were gathered, but Maclean could not stay in their midst. He had to wander away alone to the far end and try to curb his impatience.

Hark ! The people were cheering. Something was visible, coming nearer, nearer, nearer, till at last the *Kildonan Castle* rounded the Bluff and steamed grandly into port. It seemed as if the decks were one blur of human beings, and it was impossible to decipher one from another ; but Hugh waved his handkerchief madly and hurried to the spot nearest the gangway. The mass of waiting people were before him, and he witnessed many happy meetings as one by one the voyagers stepped on shore. But Amy—his Amy with the golden hair—why was she so long ?

And then, as he watched, someone came along the deck, stepped on to the gangway, caught sight of him, and smiled a smile of wondrous joy and love—someone who walked with the gracious bearing of a princess—not Amy, but her sister !

Was he dreaming ? He clutched blindly at the rope by his side and swayed helplessly as two arms were cast about him, and a tender voice whispered love-words into his ear.

" Amy ! " he cried in a voice of agony.

And the reply came :

" Yes, Hugh, Amy has come at last ! "

But the words fell on deaf ears, for Maclean had fainted.

When he recovered consciousness he was lying on some rugs in a corner of the Customs building, while soft hands were chafing his

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numb fingers, and smoothing the abundant hair back from the now wildly throbbing brow. What did it all mean? Where was he? The princess stooped and kissed his lips, and then he remembered.

"Amy!" he moaned.

"Yes, my boy," the answer came again. "Amy has come to you at last!"

There was no question of revealing his mistake—the blame was entirely his own. Fool that he was, to depend upon mere fancy. And to think that his whole future—perhaps hers too—should be wrecked through so small a thing! The little girl he had enshrined in his heart had possibly never thought of him. To Amy he had sent his earnest, pleading letters, and Amy had come at his call. He loved the other, had worked and planned and dreamed of the other; but the one he had asked had



"Two hands were frankly stretched out to him, and he looked into a pair of laughing blue eyes and a pair of soft brown eyes in turn"—p. 519.

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

In a brief moment of untold agony Hugh Maclean realised the truth. He had made a mistake with the names, and sent his letter to the wrong girl! God help him—and her!



Well, his Day had come—the day he had worked for and dreamed of—the day that was to be the beginning of days for him. It would still be that, he reflected bitterly.

crossed the sea to him, and was that day to be his wife. And she must never know the truth.

The soft hands were still smoothing his brow, and wearily he opened his eyes and met the loving gaze of the girl beside him.

"You are better, my boy," she whispered joyously. "Oh, you poor dear Hugh! What is the reason of all this? Have you been overworking—preparing for me? And

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"you never told me you were ill. But I have come to you now, dear, to take care of you." She smiled happily, to hide the anxiety at her heart.

"You are so kind," he said; and he meant it. The touch of her soft hands was comforting, and her low-toned voice was pleasant to hear. "This is a poor welcome for you, Amy, but—I'll try—I'll try to make up to you—to make you happy."

"You have already made me happy—ever since I knew you," she answered, shyly placing her hand in his.

"I've made rather an exhibition of myself among all those people," Maclean went on. "But now I'm feeling better. You poor girl! What a fright I gave you! Help me up, there's a dear—and we'll get your boxes through the Customs."

Several sympathetic fellow-passengers came to help when they saw Maclean struggling to his feet. They were genuinely sorry for the poor young bride, and the sudden collapse of the bridegroom as soon as he saw her on the gangway was the subject of much comment among them.

"I'm so sorry for the trouble I've given," Hugh said, "and especially for the start Miss Elliott has got. But I'm all right now. And I'm deeply indebted to you all for your kindness in seeing that Miss Elliott got safe to land." He laughed cheerfully.

"It has been a great pleasure," a grey-haired lady said. "I'm an old colonial, and have done this journey many times, but I never had a more charming fellow-passenger." She laid her hand on Amy's shoulder. "Good-bye, my dear," she said. "God bless you both, and give you happiness. You have come a long journey, leaving country and kindred for the sake of a man who, if I read his face aright, will never fail you." Hugh blessed her in his heart for those words. "But if ever you want a talk with an old woman who has had her share of joys and sorrows, write to Mrs. Gordon, of Hillary. That'll find me."

After the baggage was got through the Customis, and the greater part of it consigned to Maritzburg, Hugh drew Amy's hand within his arm as they walked outside into the blazing sunshine.

"That old lady was a true prophet, Amy," he said. "I shall never fail you."

Amy looked shyly at him.

"I know," she said. "I would never

have crossed the sea had I not been sure of that. Hugh dear—I want you to tell me—oh, I'm foolish to ask what I know in my heart!—but tell me just this once—are you glad I've come?"

Must he lie to her—on this day—on their wedding day?

"Glad you have come?" he echoed in low tones. "Don't ask me that again, little girl."

"Forgive me, Hugh," Amy whispered. "It sounds as if I didn't trust you. I know you are glad, and I'll try to keep you glad all the time. I suppose it was just a woman's usual longing to be told something she already knows."

How sweet and understanding she was, he thought, as he helped her into a waiting ricksha and got another to follow with some baggage. "Dr. Small and his wife will think we have gone a-missing," he said laughingly. "You'll find them dear people."

At one o'clock that afternoon Hugh Maclean and Amy Elliott stood side by side in the little church on the Berea; and as Dr. Small pronounced them husband and wife, Hugh turned to Amy, in her soft white wedding gown, and for the first time kissed her. Wedding rings were exchanged, and Amy Elliott was Amy Elliott no longer.

To her the quiet service was the most sacred thing in her life. To Maclean it was the most tragic. There had been a tense moment of agony when the rector put the usual caution if there were any reason why these two should not be joined together in matrimony, "*ye do now confess it.*" Was he sinning against this pure girl—sinning against his own soul? There was yet time to tell the truth. But the thought of Amy's trustful eyes conquered, and in his heart he said: "*I shall for ever hold my peace.*" And so two, who must always remain two, were outwardly made one.

There was true colonial hospitality in the wedding feast at the rectory afterwards, and during the talking which followed Dr. Small said:

"I've something very interesting to tell the guests. One of Mrs. Maclean's friends in the old country—a literary friend—has written a most exquisite song for the wedding. It is entitled 'Love is King,' and I have persuaded Mrs. Maclean to sing it now."

There was a hush of expectation as Hugh

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led his wife to the piano and unrolled the music. Amy was visibly nervous, but as she struck the opening chords she seemed to gain courage. Her rich soft voice had a curious soul-reaching quality, and her face grew radiant as she sang the beautiful verses.

"Oh, Love is King ! I crowned him King,
And homage to his feet I bring,
For wide is his domain.
He ruleth over land and sea,
All own his sovereign majesty,
For happy is his reign.
Oh, Love is King !

"Yes, 'Love is King,' again we sing,
And gaily to his standard spring !
The heart he makes his throne,
The mind, the intellect, the will,
The very soul, and, better still,
He claims our thoughts his own,
Where Love is King !

"When Love is King, then everything
His image bears. All reckoning
Is done in his good gold.
We'll to the Royal mint repair,
For Love has gold in plenty there,
As seers have long foretold.
Yes—Love is King !

"If Love is King, no sorrowing
About the love-lit eyes will cling.
This King is great and strong—
Has gems of Peace, and gems of Bliss,
And gems of Joy : but more than this—
His reign's millenniums long !
Oh, Love is King !"

As the last notes died away there was perfect stillness for a few moments. The old rector broke the silence.

"There's tremendous power in that song," he said.

Amy turned to Hugh.

"Do you like it, dear ?" she whispered.

His face was working with emotion, and she gently slipped her hand into his as they moved from the piano.



By five o'clock Maclean and his wife, amid a shower of confetti and flower petals, sought shelter in a reserved compartment of the up-country train. "I've been near the sea so long," Amy had written once, "that I think I'd like to go somewhere else for our little dear time together," and so Hugh had made arrangements for the two weeks to be spent at Drummond. He wished now he had not chosen such a quiet place—there would be too much opportunity for remembrance. Yes, he was needing the rest, and relief from duty; but a wire urging his return to Maritzburg at the end of a week

would be welcome. Work would help him to forget.

Amy nestled close to him.

"They will be thinking of us at home," she said.

"Yes, dear," he answered, drawing her to him kindly. "How did they bear your going—the Captain, and—the little fairy?"

"That's a new name for Marjorie," Amy laughed. "Oh ! they were sad, of course, the dears, and said lovely things about me that I never half deserved. And they all sent love to you. Hugh . . . I think Marjorie is having her story, too. There's a young doctor at Panbride, and they have both cared for two years ; but he had a position to make. I think they will be married this year."

Then there would have been no hope, even had his letter gone right. But knowing the truth at once would have been better than living in a fool's paradise, and this—this tragedy to happen at the end. Yet, bound or free, though the whole wide world lay between them, and she had never thought of him, she was the one woman.

"How long are we to stay at Drummond ?"

"I arranged for a fortnight—why ?" said Hugh.

"Oh, nothing, only—Hugh dear, it will be lovely to be there, but my heart cries for home. Couldn't we have just one week at Drummond and then go on ?"

"Would you really prefer that, dear ?"

"Oh, infinitely ! You don't know—and yet you do—how much that dear little house in Loop Street means to me. Your letters told me so much, and I was with you all the time you were preparing—making a home—no, making *home*—for us."

There was something in her voice that went to the innermost depths of his being. His arm went closer round her, but he could not speak. Then she whispered :

"This is our wedding day, Hugh. Will you say *something* to me ? You know what I mean, and I won't ask it again—but just this once—"

"You'll find me a man of few words, Amy," he said. "But your sweet womanliness will understand me. Oh, girl, I'm not half worthy of you, but I'll do my best."

Her beautiful dark eyes drew him. He put his arms about her and kissed her.

"My wife !" he said.

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II

"**B**UT, dear Mrs. Gordon," said Amy Maclean for the third time, "it's not only possible, but sadly true, and that's why I came. I hope it's not disloyal of me to talk about it. I had come to the stage when I must unburden my mind to somebody, and your parting words six months ago haunted me: 'If ever you want a friend,' you said; and I want one now."

They were sitting on the veranda of Mrs. Gordon's delightful place at Hillary, in all the splendour and warmth of a day in mid December. From horizon to horizon the sky was cloudless. Flowers flamed everywhere in gorgeous profusion, and birds overhead burst into passionate song and then were swiftly silent. Along the Durban road, which wound red in the distance, scantily clad Zulus walked with easy, swinging step; and coolie fruit-sellers in their unsavoury-looking garments bore their laden baskets on their turbaned heads and chattered volubly.

The "old colonial" looked at Amy, incredulous wonderment in her eyes.

"My dear child," she said, "I'm thankful you came. But I can't grasp your story. You think your husband was in love with your sister, imagined he was corresponding with her, and actually expected her up to the day you arrived! How could such a fearful mistake have arisen, and why didn't he——"

"Why didn't he speak at the last moment? Ah! but he is a man. He realised his error, and kept silent for my sake. It's all so simple to me now. You see, he knew us very slightly at home, through mutual friends, and evidently mistook our first names, then wrote from this country to my sister, but unfortunately addressed the letter to me. I answered, a correspondence ensued, and—this is the result. Was it any wonder he fainted when he saw me on the gangway? My heart nearly breaks when I think of the cruel disappointment to him, and the agony he has endured for six long months. And the future—I dare not contemplate it. Do you know, I wonder if I'm turning to stone—I've never shed one tear since I knew."

"I wish you could weep, my dear," the old lady said, drawing the dark head lovingly on to her knee. "Tears are some-

times a blessed relief. Now, tell me just as much or as little as you like. You know I've *lived*—I've had my dark hours, child, in other days. But never have I witnessed a tragedy like this—and *you* to pass through it! How long have you known the truth? And are you perfectly sure?"

"Perfectly, now. And I think I've been almost conscious of *something* from the day I landed. I couldn't explain that fainting fit to my own satisfaction. I tried to think it was caused by overwork, and—oh, foolish Amy!—joy at seeing me. And that blinded me to the absence of loving greetings—I scarcely expected them in the midst of his illness. Yes, he called '*Amy*' passionately several times, but he was not thinking of me.

"And afterwards—well, I cared so much that my love seemed to enwrap us both, and words were not needed. He told me I should find him a man of few words, and I'm reserved myself in matters that go deep down. But there were times when—oh, I suppose it was just my woman's heart crying for outward expressions of love. I'm glad, now, that they didn't come—he is not a hypocrite—and I can never forget his kindness to me.

"The first thing that really made me think was about three months ago. We had gone up to Howick to visit some friends I had not yet met, and the lady of the house exclaimed as she saw me, 'Well, Mr. Maclean, if this is what you call a little fair-haired girl, then I must be getting colour-blind!' They made a good deal of fun over it, and Hugh said he had never considered I was *very* dark, and besides, I wasn't a giantess—and so the incident passed. But it stayed with me, and I caught myself sometimes wondering if Hugh had ever thought of Marjorie before he wrote to me. Then I remembered how very seldom he spoke of her, and took so little interest in her letters to me.

"You know Maritzburg, of course. Before I set foot in Africa I thought of it as my earthly paradise. There are some parts of it now that *I hate*. I shall hate them as long as I live. I think of one day when I walked along Pietermaritz Street, feeling conscious that my dream of joy was over; and I walked on, and on, and on, as if I could never turn homewards. That was just last week. I had no absolute proof



"Amy!" he cried. "My princess—my wife—I have come to take you home!" —p. 627.

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

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then ; but there was something between, and we both knew it.

"Then the climax came, two days ago. Hugh had to go out of town hurriedly in the afternoon on business, and only had time to rush in, have something to eat, and get into another suit of clothes. After he left, I lifted the suit he had thrown hastily down, to put it past, and I must have caught the jacket wrong end up, for as soon as I lifted it his pocket-book fell on the floor. It flew open, and the first thing I observed was the only photograph I had sent him—one of Marjorie and me together. I took it up to look at it again, and noticed some infinitesimal writing on it. His letters to me at home nearly always finished up with 'Love to the Captain, and my princess, and my heart to you.' When I looked at the picture my heart stood still. Deftly written among the grass at my feet were the words '*The Princess*', and beside Marjorie he had inscribed '*Amy—and mine!*' Then I knew.

"I put the picture back in the pocket-book, laid the suit in his clothes drawer, and—lived through my dark hour. Yesterday I tried to be so kind—if I could in any way make up for what he had suffered ; but it was such a fearful strain looking calmly and lovingly into his eyes, and knowing, that I could not bear it. So when he said he had to go to Ladysmith to-day and would not get home till evening, I said it was a good opportunity for my projected day's shopping in Durban. I wasn't just sure what I would do when I got there ; but the sight of Hillary Station as I passed down decided me, and so I came quickly back. And now you have got me here, my friend, what have you to say to me ? If you could only tell me it is a dream——"

"You poor dear child !" Mrs. Gordon said. "I don't know whether I'm more sorry for him or for you. But, dear, whatever he may once have thought, are you quite sure he has not changed ? Let your sister be the veriest angel, I cannot believe that any man could live six months with you, day in, day out, and not learn to love you. Your story has touched me as I've never been touched before ; but—thank God for the *buts* in life—you'll win the victory. . . . You're going back, of course ? "

Amy sat up.

"Oh, of course," she said earnestly. "Don't think I ever meant to run away.

It was just that I was not strong enough to bear the burden, and I had to come to you, not so much to ask you anything, but just to tell you, to save my heart from breaking. But I'm not going back to-night—dear friend, don't send me—I'm not able. To-morrow, perhaps—

"I left a message for him—he will get it to-night. I told him I knew. Was I wrong ? I thought it would make it easier for him if he didn't have to seem what he couldn't be."

The "old colonial" flicked away something suspiciously moist about her eyes. "You'll have your reward when the sun shines again," she said. "Remember, we don't stay in the dark valleys. We only pass through. And the view from the hill-top, when we get there, is worth all the labour of climbing."

III

ALITTLE cool breeze was refreshing as Hugh Maclean got back from Ladysmith after a rather tiring day. Ten o'clock was striking as he came out of the station, and, refusing the offers of ricksha boys, he started to walk home. Somehow, he was in no mood to hurry, and the coolness in the air was delightful. Frogs were croaking and singing in the gardens ; and night-birds were whistling in the trees as he turned down Longmarket Street, past Government House, past the Soldiers' Home, past the Commercial Hotel with its crowd of smokers on the veranda, round the corner of Chapel Street, and into Loop Street. As he neared the old-world little house which they had named "Panbride" he wondered what sort of day Amy had had. Life was getting a little easier for him now. Not that he would ever forget ; but Amy was kind and sweet, and evidently did not expect much love-making. Besides, the mistake was his only, and he was thankful he alone was suffering. Amy would never know.

There was no light from the drawing-room window, but she would be waiting in the little study at the back, likely. He let himself in with his latchkey, and vaguely felt surprised Amy did not come quickly at the sound to welcome him as usual. He hung up his coat and hat and walked through to the study—no one there, but a dainty supper spread for him. Perhaps she was

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very tired and had gone to bed. Why should he be uneasy?

Hastily he strode along the passage to the large bedroom opening on the back veranda. There was a dim light burning; and with a strange foreboding at his heart he turned the gas up. Amy was not there. He stood looking about him helplessly for a moment, as if he expected to see her in any impossible corner, and then his eye caught sight of a letter on the dressing-table. His name was on the outside in Amy's clear handwriting, and, fearing he knew not what, he opened it.

"MY DEAR HUGH,—I cannot keep silence. I know. Oh, my darling boy, what you have suffered these months! I know now why you fainted.

"I have never ceased to love you. And all your wonderful kindness and tenderness to me when your heart was wrung with agony I shall never forget.

"Dear boy, there is no one to blame—neither you, nor me, nor anybody—and we'll try to make the best of it—*after*. But just now I had to go away. Don't fear for me—I am all right—and I shall come back some day. But for a little—let me be.

"Your loving wife always,
 AMY."

Hugh looked almost unseeingly at the letter. How could she know? And what had the knowledge meant to her? Dear Amy, who had crossed the ocean for love of him—then her life was wrecked too! And where was she this night?

He laid down the letter and rang the bell, and a tall Zulu appeared.

"Kosikazi got away all right, Dick?" Hugh asked quietly.

"Ya, Baas. Kosikazi go afotel you mohning. She say she stay pellaps one day, two day, and Dick look afotel Baas, keep house alleight."

"That's good. Get me some hot coffee just now, Dick."

"Coffee alleeady, Baas. I bling it now."

Hugh drank the hot coffee eagerly, and then sat down. How strangely empty the room was! The whole house was desolate because Amy, whom he had not wanted, was absent.

He felt for his pocket-book and drew out the photograph, and laid it on the table before him. For a long time he sat looking at the two pictured faces, and ever and again, as he looked at the features of the girl he had dreamed of, his gaze wandered more and more often to Amy's dear, earnest face. She was changed now since that picture was taken—there was more wistfulness in the eyes, and there were little lines coming about the mouth. Besides, the other did not care—had never cared.

Had he been cherishing an empty dream all these months, and missing the reality? If he had his chance again, which face would he long to have near him for all time to come? . . . He bowed his head in his hands, and did not seek to stop the tears that trickled down his thin cheeks.

"Amy!" he moaned. "Have I awakened too late? God helping me, I'll win you back yet!"

A fragment of the beautiful wedding song came into his memory:

*"If Love is King, no sorrowing
About the love-lit eyes will cling."*

"I'll make those eyes shine with joy yet!" he said, as he threw himself, without undressing, on the sofa and drew a rug over him. He could not go to bed—he could never rest till Amy was home again.

In the morning a wire came in:

"Mrs. Maclean spending a nice holiday with me. Can you come down for the afternoon?—GORDON, Hillary."

So that was where she had gone for sanctuary! He called Dick.

"I want you to take message to chief in Colonial Office. I go train—bring Kosikazi to-night."

"Kosikazi come back—velly good!" said Dick, his black face shining.



The gong was sounding for lunch when Maclean walked up the avenue at Hillary.

"You are welcome," said Mrs. Gordon, but Hugh never saw her outstretched hand as he brushed past her.

"Amy!" he cried. "My princess—my wife—I have come to take you *home!*"



WHEN THE PINK MAY WAS BLOSSOMING

A War Idyll

By ANNE WEAVER

IT was in Clifford's Inn that he first met her—in some quaint old luncheon-rooms hidden away in a corner of the court,

She was a little typist girl; a fragile-looking slip of a thing, with big grey eyes that were more serious than the eyes of twenty-two have any right to be, and a delicate face that was just a little too pale and thin.

It grows daily more difficult to live on thirty shillings a week; and, after all, one must live, though to the crowds that hustle each other through Fleet Street and down the Strand it may not perhaps seem very important that one little typist more or less should continue to breathe the used-up City air.

One is very much alone in Fleet Street. One is alone even in a crowded office when one's fellow clerks are of a different world to oneself. Their friends are not one's own, their ways are not the ways one has been used to, and one feels shy and a little puzzled, and is considered unsociable and left more severely alone than ever.

Muriel Willoughby had pursued her lonely life for more than a year now.

The widowed sister with whom she lived had been badly hit by the money depression of the war; and since Clare could not work—how should work be expected of anyone so dainty and helpless and clinging as Clare?—Muriel had shouldered the responsibilities of the little household. She had thrown her own small capital into the common purse; and the thirty shillings which she earned now was spent, more often than not, in the little luxuries that Clare loved.

The flowers in their tiny sitting room, the sweets, the library subscription—for what should the poor darling do with the long, dragging hours if she could not read?—they all came out of the younger sister's earnings.

For Muriel herself there were no long, dragging hours. Eight o'clock in the morning saw her making tea for herself on a gas stove—her breakfast consisted of tea and bread and butter—at least, one called it "butter." (Little pretences go a long way to making things more palatable.) There was no question of bacon or even of an egg; both had reached a prohibitive price as everyday comestibles.

Then a race to catch the train and a third-class journey on the District Railway to her office. The train was generally crowded, but everyone said it was so good for you to stand after a meal.

At the office, which was stuffy and not too well lighted, she worked from nine till six, with an interval for lunch.

Lunch was an affair of thought. An A.B.C. or Lipton's generally met the case, because there one did not have to tip, and that was a consideration when it came to carefully balancing a roll and butter and a dish of spaghetti and tomato, against a cup of cocoa and a plate of stewed fruit.

Sometimes she found herself smiling—not very hilariously—at this contrast to the days when Prince's or the Carlton had not been such unusual rendezvous. Clare frequented them still. Her old friends were very good to her—a pretty, youngish widow with charming manners and still sufficiently well turned out.

But Muriel either got home too late to join these little festivities, or it was taken for granted that she was too sleepy, after her work, to go out in the evenings.

Clare was responsible for this idea in the first place; but Muriel had never contradicted it. After all, most people are willing enough to invite one woman to join a party where they would not care for two; and Muriel did not want to stand in Clare's way. It never dawned upon her loyal soul that Clare had no intention that she should.

WHEN THE PINK MAY WAS BLOSSOMING

After lunch, which she got over as quickly as possible, she generally wandered about the Temple; and it was on one of these rambles that she discovered Clifford's Inn.

After that she lunched there always. It was very cheap, and so restful; and when she had eaten her frugal meal she sat under the trees on one of the benches in the little enclosed square of grass and watched the sunlight and shadow on the old red Jacobean houses, and the pigeons strutting on the cobblestones. One could scarcely hear the hum of the City outside. There was only the murmuring of the pigeons and the tread of occasional feet.

The tall trees were leafless when she first came to the court. Now the pink may tree by the railing was in bud, and would soon be out.

The little typist sat in the spring sunshine and dreamed of past centuries, and of the romances which might have been lived out here in this quiet, forgotten spot.

Then, one day, the Anzac came.

He limped down the narrow passage and under the deep, carved archway, walking painfully; and beneath the wide brim of his khaki hat his eyes were gloomy and depressed.

They had told him that morning, kindly but candidly, that they very much doubted whether the damage done by the bullet-wound in his knee could ever be put quite right; whether he would not always limp for the rest of his life.

Oh, of course, a great deal could be done by treatment nowadays, and he was lucky—amazingly lucky—compared with so many other cases in the big hospitals; but to a man of thirty, vigorous and full of life, the prospect was not a cheerful one.

He had left the hospital a week ago; all the available beds were needed for fresh cases. Now he only went back there for treatment; and to-day, after transacting some business with regard to his monetary affairs, he had found himself near the old luncheon-rooms about which a friend had told him.

So he limped out of the shadowed archway into the silence and sunlight of the court, and saw her walking in front of him. She was dressed very quietly in grey, and he did not notice her particularly at first, except to observe that she walked slowly and seemed tired.

But everyone looked tired in London!

"It's a hateful place," said the Australian to himself, with a sudden outburst of futile revolt.

He followed her down the flagged pathway and into the quiet, panelled rooms, where the grandfather's clock ticked in a corner, and little nosegays of early spring flowers adorned the small tables.

The place was nearly full, and he took his seat at a table beside a deep window, and found that the girl in grey was sitting opposite him.

In the subdued light of the low room her fair hair shone like gold, and her eyes looked very big in her pale face as she leant back, looking out at the sun on the cobblestones.

He had been annoyed at first to find that he could not get a table to himself; but now he suddenly discovered that she interested him, and that he liked her being there. She was so quiet and restful in her movements.

She had ordered her lunch, and he watched her covertly while he waited for his own. A slice of cake and a cup of coffee. Why did women under-feed in that ridiculous way?

She didn't look poor, at first sight. Her hat was becoming, and not of the obviously cheap variety, and her coat and skirt were well cut.

"A lady," he thought, and wished he had the courage to speak to her. It would be better than eating his food in silence, obsessed by that detestable verdict of the doctor.

She looked towards him once—a fleeting glance, but it seemed to him that her mind was far away. As a matter of fact she was interested in him. He was so big and broad-shouldered; and his eyes were so clear and blue. He looked sad, too, she thought, and stern. He was also lame, poor man.

She had noticed all this, but women do their "noticing" more unobtrusively than men.

Presently she finished the last crumb of cake, picked up her carefully folded gloves, paid her bill, and went out. Later, when he passed the enclosure, she was sitting on one of the benches under the trees.

He came to the court again next day.

Well, why not? He had nothing to do; most of his friends were out of England,

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fighting. He, too, felt lonely, and perhaps the old place had laid its spell upon him. Perhaps he came also on the chance. . . . Oh, of course, she wasn't likely to be there again. What should bring her there?

But she *was* there; and again they sat through a silent meal at tables quite close to each other. Something was worrying her. She had a pencil and a scrap of paper, and she was adding and subtracting with a harassed air. Once she took out a small purse and counted its contents, and then returned to her sums again. He found himself smiling in masculine, indulgent fashion at the little things which women fidget over! It seemed to be only a matter of twopence or so out; and she was perplexing her poor little head in the endeavour to account for it—as if it really mattered! Probably she had counted all wrong, too; women invariably did.

After lunch, which she again finished before him, he hesitated on his way past the grass enclosure. There was a vacant place on a bench some way from hers, but it did not tempt him. He went on. The next day they were again at the same table, and still he could not summon courage to speak to her. He liked the sound of her voice as she spoke to the waitress, and he racked his brains for an excuse in vain.

Then the opportunity arrived.

She had left her gloves behind her on the window-sill, and when she came back to look for them they were gone. The waitress searched, and he himself assisted in the search, shamelessly ignoring the fact that they reposed in one of the big pockets of his khaki coat.

Finally she said in her clear little voice that she was so sorry to have given so much trouble; she must have dropped them outside.

She looked disproportionately upset about her loss, and he felt rather ashamed of himself.

When she had gone he paid his own bill, and, having limped out, pulled the little grey gloves from his pocket and looked at them. They were very worn, and mended in dozens of places—mended as no maid would ever trouble to mend her mistress's belongings, but only a woman to whom gloves were a very serious consideration indeed.

He limped on to the little enclosure and entered it boldly. She was sitting on a

bench by herself, her bare hands folded in her lap, looking oddly forlorn. He made his way to her and saluted.

"I found these after you'd left," he said gravely.

"Oh, thank you so much!" Her face lighted up. "How very kind of you. But"—her eyes rested commiseratingly on the thick stick upon which he was leaning—"you shouldn't have troubled, really."

He smiled. If she had thought before that he was almost too stern and rugged-looking, she changed her mind. His smile was charming.

"Do you mind if I rest here, too?" he asked her.

"Oh, please do." She made room for him at once; and the ice being broken, they talked.

She asked him how he had been wounded, and he told her, very baldly. Then, led to it by her quick sympathy, he confided to her the doctor's verdict, and she was silent. He liked her silence; it conveyed more understanding than words.

He told her how he hated London; how cramped it all felt to a man who had always spent an outdoor life in the Colonies.

"And the crowds make it so lonely," he said.

She knew that too, she told him.

"But one doesn't feel that so much here, you know. I always think this place is full of friendly ghosts—nice, peaceful ghosts who don't know anything about the outside world, or the war, or anything. They think everything is just as it was in their day; I don't expect they can even imagine an office like the one I work in."

"You work in an office?" He was frankly curious. "Do you like it?"

She made a little grimace.

"Needs must," she said. "It isn't interesting work." She paused and added, laughing gently, "If I didn't work for my bread and butter, should I come here so often?"

"No no," he said. He didn't seem to realise her admission that she knew he had noticed her before. She herself had realised it the moment after, and flushed a faint, becoming pink. He was looking at her thoughtfully.

The little mended gloves, the distressed calculations on the scrap of paper, and now—in the broad sunlight one saw that her



"When she reached Clifford's Inn the Australian was sitting under the trees"—p. 534.

Drawn by
Fred Pogram.

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coat and skirt were faded and very well worn indeed, and that her once expensive hat bore the marks of bad weather.

"No," said the big Australian again. And then, with sudden emphasis, "It's a rotten world, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think so," she protested. "It's a difficult one sometimes; but there are nice places in it—this, for instance. I don't find my morning's work half so tiresome since I've got this to look forward to."

"This? But it's only a backwater, when all's said and done!" He leant forward and dug his stick into the grass. "Have you ever thought what it would be like to spend the rest of one's life in a backwater?" he asked, with sudden bitterness.

Again she was silent; she knew what he meant. She had no idea what his ordinary position in life might be, though he had a pleasant voice and easy manners. His uniform told her that he was not an officer, and she took it for granted that he also had his living to earn. One might imagine that where work on a Colonial station was concerned, his lameness would prove a terrible hindrance.

"But the doctors are not quite sure?" she ventured pitifully.

"They're not hopeful," he said; and his voice was grim. "I don't like backwaters," he added, with a little dreary laugh.

"There are worse things," she said after a pause. "One might find something in them that makes them worth while. Who would ever think, when they first turned into this passage off Fleet Street, that they would find here this restful plot of grass and a may tree on the eve of blossoming? Who would have thought, then, that they would come here day after day, as you and I have done, simply for the sheer peace and strangeness of it all?"

He looked at her quickly. Her face was very serious and very sweet. The words he had been about to speak died on his lips. Instead, he said gently:

"Yes, that's true." (And he knew that he was lying, since it was something more than these which had brought him again and again to Clifford's Inn.) "And I suppose we shall go on coming here till the may tree has blossomed. So one may fairly say that we have found it worth while."

She looked at her watch and rose with a little regretful sigh.

"I must go," she said. "Good-bye, and thank you for bringing me my gloves."

He stood up. "Thank you for letting me sit here beside you," he said. "It will be something to look forward to another time."

Muriel Willoughby told her sister that evening about her little adventure. Clare laughed, and wasn't very interested.

"The man's probably quite an impossible person when once the glamour of the khaki is removed from him," she said carelessly. "Don't get too friendly with him, my child."

And she bestowed a gracious good-night kiss upon the girl, and went off to dine with an old but convivial bachelor uncle who had come to London to look up some invalided soldier friends.

It rained next day; but the Australian was already at the table by the window when Muriel put her wet umbrella in the stand and came in to the luncheon-room with a gust of chill wind.

She greeted him a little shyly; or was it the weather that had brought the colour to her cheeks? If so his grudge against it vanished, although the damp was making his knee more painful than usual.

Then, as the colour died away, it struck him afresh how frail she looked.

"I don't think you eat enough," he said, with a dissatisfied glance at her modest fare.

"Coffee's very sustaining," she answered lightly, and talked of something else.

Coffee is also, comparatively speaking, cheap, but one ignores that fact—in conversation—if one has been nicely brought up.

It was, however, a fact which had begun to dawn upon the Australian. Many little things were adding their weight of evidence to that pathetically mended pair of gloves.

"If she belonged to me—" he thought; and was startled at the ease with which the idea slipped into his mind.

He walked back with her to her office that day, since it was too cold and wet to sit in the enclosure; he never guessed, of course, that she was pretending to herself, with a half-ashamed pleasure in the thrilling little pretence, that they *did* belong to each other.

She felt so proud of him: his height, his strong, brown face, and—oh, yes!—his limp.

The dreams which she had dreamt of late under the trees in Clifford's Inn had not

WHEN THE PINK MAY WAS BLOSSOMING

been so entirely of the past as they had been once. A living figure had limped in among the ghosts.

And so their friendship progressed.

He grew to know all about her life; her sister—the beautiful, petted Clare!—and he understood more than she realised. He told her about the big station on which he worked; and she learnt, with almost painful intuition, to know just the tone in his voice that meant he was picturing what an inactive life would be like.

He never talked about his people; he gave her no clue to his position; one gathered that he was not a man given to talking about his personal affairs. She didn't even know where he was living at present. Cheap lodgings, she supposed, or with friends.

"Will they keep your place on the station for you till you come back?" she asked him.

He did not answer for a moment. Her little anxious voice touched him; it was so obvious that she looked upon him as a man dependent on what he could earn. A queer little smile twisted his lips. Well, he would take all the sympathy he could get from her. Why not? It was so very sweet.

"Oh, I expect there'll be room for me when I go home," he said lightly. "Australia's a big place. There's work—of a sort—for everyone."

But still she looked dissatisfied. No doubt Australia was a big place—the idea of it had begun to fascinate her—but so was London. And was there any room in either for the people who couldn't work much and weren't rich enough to play?

"Work of a sort," he had said.

Yes, that was all very well, so long as one had someone to work for; but he had no one, apparently, either to be looked after or to look after him.

And men were such feckless creatures in some ways!

She was even more sure of this last on her never-to-be-forgotten "afternoon off," when he persuaded her to lunch with him and to go to a theatre.

He was to fetch her at her office; and she had taken great pains to turn herself out as prettily as possible. She had borrowed a clean pair of gloves from Clare, who was always good-natured in small things, and allowed herself the luxury of a new lace and muslin collar that freshened up her coat wonderfully.

The Australian presented himself at the appointed hour in a taxi, and met her protests with the smiling statement that to-day was *his* treat, and he didn't care if it was extravagant.

Muriel got in the taxi perforce, and leaned luxuriously with a sigh of content.

Her gloved hand lay on her knee close beside him; and just because for the life of him he couldn't help it, he put his own big hand over it for a moment or two. She grew faintly pink, and talked breathlessly of other things, but she did not remove it.

He took her to the Trocadero, and laughed her expostulations to the wind.

So she tried to forget what a dreadful lot he must be spending and simply enjoyed herself. The dainty food, the music, the quick, quiet service—she had not realised in the old days how much they contributed to one's pleasure.

But it was more and more evident that this big friend of hers wanted someone to look after him. Stalls at the theatre, a box of chocolates bought before she could stop him, tea afterwards at Fuller's: it was all terribly extravagant.

And how could she insist on an omnibus or a tube when, on coming out of the theatre, he firmly hailed another taxi, and declared that his knee was hurting him, and he couldn't and wouldn't walk a step farther?

It was then that an elderly man, of brisk, soldierly appearance, who was walking past, turned and looked half incredulously at the couple.

"Little Muriel!" He whistled under his breath. "And Jack Melville! Now, I wonder why the dickens Clare never told me they knew him? And he's being pretty close about it, too—the dog!"

He stared after them, chuckling, then went his way. But next day, when he was giving a little luncheon-party at which Clare was present, he tackled her on the subject.

"An Anzac?" Clare's pretty, shallow eyes were vague. "Oh, yes, of course; Muriel picked him up at one of the queer places where she feeds. I hardly think she ought to go about with him like that. Do you know anything about him really?"

Her little air of elder-sisterly solicitude was becoming. Colonel Villiers looked at her curiously.

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"I know that he owns one of the largest stations in New South Wales," he said.

Clare gasped a little.

"Why he enlisted, Heaven alone knows! I suppose he wouldn't wait for a commission. He came and looked me up last night after dinner. He's"—Colonel Villiers smiled, as though some inward thought amused him—"he's rather an impetuous young man."

Muriel's sister nibbled olives in abstracted silence.

Why hadn't the child told her all this? How very stupid! They must ask the man to tea—one could not give dinners in lodgings.

Mentally Clare looked out her prettiest afternoon frock. A rich Colonial, probably quite unaccustomed to women of *her* kind—Clare's ideas on the subject of the Colonies were vague—she saw herself making an impression.

Muriel was kept late at the office that day, and when she reached Clifford's Inn, the Australian was sitting under the trees; there was no one else about. It had been raining on and off all the morning; and she came towards him, concern in her face.

"You shouldn't be sitting here; it's awfully bad for you," she said, with a delightful little air of severity.

"I had to wait for you, and I won't be scolded," he said, and laughed. His eyes were very blue in his brown face. "I'm wondering whether I dare feel pleased with life to-day! Do you know that I was talking to a relation of yours yesterday evening?"

"Were you?" Her voice sounded incredulous. "Who was it?"

"Colonel Villiers."

"Uncle Mostyn? How very odd!"

"Oh, I don't know. I met him some years ago in Sydney. He came up-country, too."

She nodded. Her eyes were introspective.

"I know he's got lots of friends out there," she said. "Couldn't he"—there was sudden eagerness in her voice—"couldn't he help you—afterwards—if you have to leave the Army?"

"Well, I did speak to him about my future," the Australian smiled; "and he was

awfully nice about it. He said he'd speak for me, if I wanted him to."

"That's splendid," she cried. Then, anxiously: "Have your doctors said anything more?"

"Not definitely. But they were rather gloomy this morning. I expect it will end in my going back to Australia as soon as I can get my discharge."

"Will it?" Her face fell.

She forgot that she was hungry; that she had overslept herself after a wakeful night, in which the excitement of her happy afternoon had chased away sleep, and so had not left herself enough time for breakfast.

It seemed absurd, incongruous, for the sun to be stealing out from behind the clouds, gilding the rain-wet railings and the cobblestones—her friend was going away.

"Would you miss me, little girl?" he asked.

"But of course I would." The clear voice had a quiver in it. "I shall miss you—there's no question of that; for, of course, you'll have to go back some day."

"Yes. I shall go back—some day. But is there any reason why you should miss me, if you don't want to?"

"How can I help it?"

There was a glimmer of tears in her eyes. Unpleasant prospects are no easier to face when one is tired and wet and hungry.

"Well, you could come too," the big Australian said very gently. "Do you remember, dear, the day we talked about backwaters and the things that are worth while? You were quite right; if I've got to live in a backwater for the rest of my life, it's you that can turn it into just heaven if you choose. Will you come and be the thing that makes it worth while, little girl?"



It was a shamelessly public spot; but at the moment only the windows of the old red houses looked down on the lovers with a gentle, friendly curiosity, and a little cloud of pigeons, intent on their own business, flew down with a whirr of iridescent wings to preen themselves on the cobblestones.

Outside the railings there was a shimmer of pink all over the crooked boughs of the old tree.

The may had blossomed.

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A SECRET OF HAPPINESS

An Easter Message

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

(*Founder of The Crutch-and Kindness League*)

WE are in Easter now—for us the time of all times. Advent was glorious, but without Easter there would have been no Christmas; Jesus would have been still asleep in a Syrian grave. It is Easter which has given its value to all that went before, together with our hope and confidence in the future. "He is risen": this is the keynote of our trust.

Small wonder, then, that we should be-star and be-gem it beyond all other seasons of observance. Christmas is blessed—because of Easter; Good Friday searches us out and reveals our urgent needs—since Easter followed it. "Because I live, ye shall live also"—this is the Bible and the Christian's confidence in a word.

When the Song-Birds come Back

Happily for us the whole world begins now its manifest rejoicings. Buds are bursting, barren fields are turning green with promise, the song-birds are back, the air is kind, and the sun is gathering his strength. If there is one season in the year that is more uplifting than another, it is this.

Yet we are face to face with the old, old story—that it is not what is around us, but what is in us, that makes for happiness. When everything outside is ruffling with promise, it is a good time for us to make the inward search.

I can think of no better way for getting this inward happiness which gives the clue and key to all else than by somehow seeking to make others happy. There is large scope for this in every street, every calling, every acquaintance, but rarely is there any brighter way than by trying to sweeten the lot of unfortunate children.

Poor cripples, for example. Their suffering might have been ours or any of our little ones: an accident, a fall, the thrust of a careless companion, and the child is maimed for life. Not many children are born crippled; with most the arrest is sud-

denly laid on them after some years of the joy and zest of health and soundness. The greater, then, is the pity because of the memories that cannot but make the misfortune more painful.

And there is the poverty of the parents, for I am thinking now only of *poor* cripples. There are many others, alas! but they can have at least the mitigations of people who are well off; with all sympathy, we yet need not take these into account. In London alone, however, there are more than 12,000 *poor* cripples, and it is cruelly gratuitous to think their fathers and mothers love their suffering bairns less than the rich love theirs. Love is something quite apart from wage, and the poorest dockyard labourer or sorely pinched mother loves the ailing one all the more, perhaps, for the very straits and sacrifices which helplessness is always exacting.

Twenty Years Ago

These facts pressed on me so keenly more than twenty years ago that I resolved, with God's help, that I would raise up from somewhere or other a friend for each of the poor crippled mites of great London. I began with six people in England who took up this merciful scheme; between then and now the number of helpers has increased to 27,700 from all parts of the world. Had these helpers lived and continued their gracious work, my blessed task would long ago have been accomplished—every poor crippled child in London would have had a friend. But there have been the usual changes by deaths, pressing preoccupations, and such-like, so that at least a thousand more helpers are needed before the sweet dream of my life can be realised.

The very essence of the work is the Post Office. What the poor cripple suffers from, apart from his unceasing illness, is—*loneliness*. Other children have their chums, and though they may not be able to mingle in the games, they have at least comrades

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round them. But stirring, healthy, active children rarely care to clum it for long with the helpless cripple. The presence of their parents with these is about equally rare, for the mother as well as the father must work, however little they get, to find food and shelter for the sick one ; so the child is left, for days that seem so long, alone with himself. This is one of the features of child-life the most painful to find.

How a friendly letter, a half-used toy, a secondhand picture-book, or some odd bits of ribbon can brighten the cheerless room, and shorten the long day of the frail ones ! The old fashion of paying regular visits to the sick one has many things against it now. School children cannot do it : the demands on their time are too urgent, not to speak of mother's fears of letting them go into dubious neighbourhoods. Grown-ups have serious work of their own to attend to ; and the kind, old-fashioned way is altogether beyond invalids ; yet in this and every land there are good, sympathetic and kindly souls that long to do something for suffering children if only they knew how. A letter or toy once a month meets such cases and gives the good and willing heart an outlet to its best wishes. Wherever there is a letter-box or a post office, one of the deepest needs of the poor cripple can be met.

What's in a Name ?

Of course it was needful to give a name to the new and simple scheme, so I called it "The Crutch-and-Kindness League." The readers of this magazine will not be unfamiliar with the title, for again and again THE QUIVER has wondrously helped the good work. There is but one fee—the entrance one of a shilling—just enough to cover expenses and provide the beautiful card of membership for framing. There are other means for seeking such help as poor cripples require, but these are kept quite apart from the Crutch-and-Kindness League, so that the loving help may not be beyond the means of anyone.

Never enough can I express my indebtedness to that sympathetic and faithful friend of all poor children—Sir John Kirk. When this scheme was becoming too much for me, along with my other duties as preacher, journalist, etc., Sir John, in his big-hearted way, turned over to his staff all the correspondence this task involved. It is to him, more than to me, that the thanks of the pitiful are due. If there is any reader here, or in the thousand far-away parts of the earth reached by THE QUIVER, who would seek to lend a hand to this urgent and gracious scheme, his or her simplest way of getting details is to send a stamped envelope, *not to me*, but to Sir John Kirk, Director, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., and he will gladly furnish all further particulars.

The Coming of Happiness

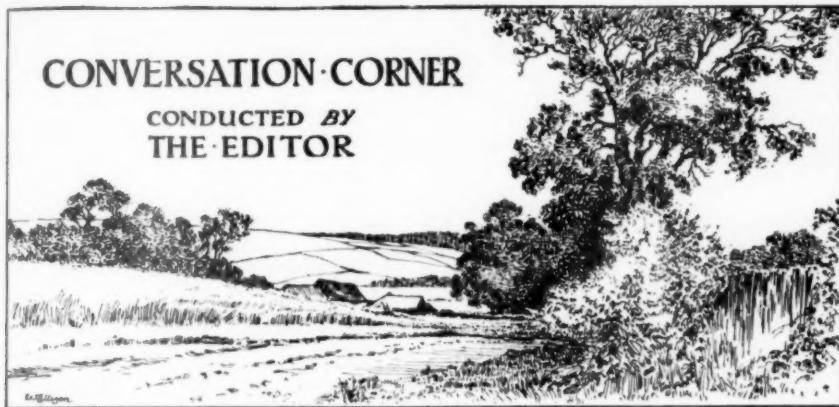
As I said at the start of this article, the great thing for us all is to be happy within. Apart from this, even the Easter glory of burgeoning tree and rippling stream and balmy air are robbed for us of all their joy. Happiness is in ourselves, or it can be nowhere. And never has its thrill been found so sweet and steadfast as when we carry in our hearts the needs and weakness of a little child. He who made Easter, and all the brightness, past and future, which it gives, could devise no better message for the hearts of His disciples than by setting a little one in their midst. And when that child is a suffering weakling, how constant and exalting the inward happiness must be—the glad remembrance that wherever we are, we are carrying that one in the love of our heart !

Age, sex, or distance cannot take this joy from us. The child can write to the child, the grown man or woman can do it, and it brings its mercy to the very bedside of the invalid. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." While we have this song in our hearts we have heaven's own music.



CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR



The Drink Question

I COMMEND to the attention of my readers Mr. Marshall's able article in this issue on "The Future of the Public-House." It states clearly and convincingly the case for State control of the public-house, and the facts and arguments he brings forward ought not lightly to be dismissed. At the same time, and speaking for myself, I cannot help feeling that the case presented during these past few months by the Strength of Britain Movement, and others, for prohibition during the war is so strong as to be wellnigh irresistible.



Beer or Bread?

I AM under the disadvantage of writing some weeks before publication: as I pen these lines Mr. Lloyd George has just announced the Government's policy of restrictions. But it has seemed to most people incomprehensible that, whilst we are asked to limit strictly the bread we eat, and the sugar we consume, and do all in our power to conserve the food supply, yet this gigantic monopoly has continued to destroy the people's food by the millions of tons. It was stated in the House of Commons that a million tons of grain and 118,000 tons of sugar are used yearly in the manufacture of liquors, and that since the war began we have spent £450,000,000 in intoxicating drinks. The submarine menace is a very serious one, yet drink has destroyed more food than has been destroyed by all the German submarines. Our bread is to be limited, our sugar is obtained only with difficulty, our paper is to be reduced seventy-five per cent.—yet we are only just beginning timidly to tackle the question of drink

by limiting future brewing to 10,000,000 barrels per annum.



What Canada Thinks

THERE is the moral side of the business, besides that of "Bread v. Beer." Those who live in London or any of our great cities and have their eyes open cannot but be saddened by what is going on in our midst. Watch the public-houses in the West End, notice the horrible enticements held out to soldiers on leave, read the outcry in the medical and other papers about the alarming increase of venereal diseases, and you can understand such letters as this from Canada—quite a typical one, written by Dr. C. R. Flanders, pastor of the First Methodist Church, London, Ontario. Dr. Flanders asks:

"Why should Canada deny herself in the practice of a steadily increasing economy that food supplies may be contributed to the feeding of the soldiers while England allows the liquor traffic to destroy hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages which, on the authority of science, have little or no feeding force? Why should Canada send her sons to fight with and for England against the Huns when England persists in maintaining and equipping an evil which Lloyd George has declared to be a worse enemy to the Empire than the German Army? Has England no better reward for the mothers of the Dominion who have given her their sons than to return them to their homes victims of inebriety manufactured in England?"



A Gigantic Waste

AT this critical hour we are asked to deny ourselves and relinquish our liberties in all sorts of ways—and rightly so. But the general public must surely insist that

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it is much more vital to ensure an adequate food supply than to allow for millions of barrels of beer for future consumption. We are ready to cut down our bread, our meat, our sugar—but not in order to maintain the supply of drink. Cease manufacturing beer—there is an ample supply in stock in the country for some time—and we shall have enough bread.



The Home Department

WITH this number I am experimenting with two new features. For some time the Home Department has been limited to Mrs. St. Clair's valued contribution. In other days we frequently inserted needle-work and other articles of interest to the home circle. Commencing with this number I am running a series of needlecraft articles, such as from time to time have been asked for by my readers. Many, I know, will be interested in this feature; will the others kindly let their needlecraft friends know about this experiment?



What do the Young People Read ?

NOW and again I get letters from some older readers who are "shocked" by something a little more outspoken than usual in THE QUIVER, and who are alarmed, not for themselves, but for the sake of "the influence it will have on the young people." Of course, I endeavour to reassure such critics, but in all seriousness do we realise what our young people actually are reading? I have had some experience of the reading which is prevalent among many young girls in these days, and it is with mixed feelings that I have read protests, say, against a discreet reference to the facts of the origin of life being allowed to contaminate the minds of the young, when, at the same time, these young persons are simply gorging themselves with sex novels of the most sensuous order. *Do you know what your young people are reading?*



For Younger Readers

IT is in order to strengthen the appeal of THE QUIVER to our younger readers that I am extending the pages devoted to their interests in the magazine. THE QUIVER "habit" should be acquired when young, and I want to get more and more the interest and support of the rising generation in our magazine. Here is a chance for

some of the older readers to point out this feature to their younger friends.



Can we Abolish War?

THE longer the war lasts the more perplexing must it be to the faith of Christians. We sorrowfully admit that we could do none other when, on that fateful Fourth of August, we decided to enter the struggle; the experience of America shows us how disastrous and impossible it would have been if we had attempted to maintain neutrality. At the same time war is the most hateful thing on God's earth to all thinking Christians—and to many who do not profess our religion. We are buoyed up with the hope that this will be the last great war, and we would make any sacrifice that this should be so. Can we abolish war? Can we devise some practicable, workable way of settling future disputes between nations? This is the greatest problem facing Christendom to-day, the most urgent problem up against civilisation. Can it be solved?

Mr. Harold Begbie has, for a long time, been thinking round this great subject, and his thought has taken the practical shape of a series of articles on "Can Man Abolish War?" This series will appear exclusively in THE QUIVER, beginning with the May number; it is undoubtedly the most important work to which Mr. Begbie has set brain and heart and pen since he wrote "Broken Earthenware." Perhaps—who knows?—it will be a start to the consummation we all desire. Our publisher is printing extra copies of the May number; will you let your friends know about this new series, and give it the hearing it deserves?



Mrs. de Horne Vaizey

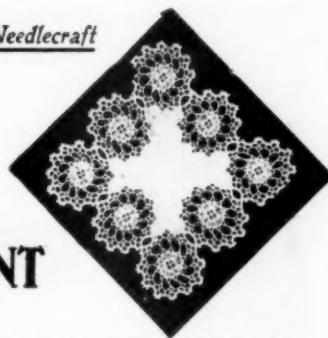
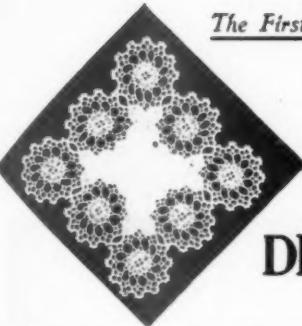
IT came as a great shock to me to learn that, on January 23, my old friend and contributor Mrs. Geo. de Horne Vaizey had passed away. For years Mrs. Vaizey had been an invalid confined to her chair. Before her last illness, Mrs. Vaizey wrote for us a charming story of present-day life—introducing, typically enough, the cinema. This story, entitled "Making Good," I am inserting in my next number. It will be read with pathetic interest by her friends all over the world. I am also hoping, in that issue, to give some account of Mrs. Vaizey's life and work.

The Editor

The First of a New Series of Needlecraft

Articles

The
**HOME
DEPARTMENT**



In response to many requests I am devoting a few pages to Needlecraft Articles. If this meets with the general wishes of my readers I intend to make this feature a permanent one.

A CROCHETED DUCHESSE SET

ABBREVIATIONS: tr., treble; ch., chain; d. tr., double treble; d.c., double crochet.

THE motif for which instructions are given can be used in many ways. It is here used as a border for a Duchesse set which shows to perfection on a dressing-table of dark wood.

Use Ardern's lustrous crochet cotton, No. 26.

For the foundation, a small circle enclosing a cross, start with 10 ch., join with a slip stitch to make a ring; 4 ch., 1 tr. into third stitch of 10 ch., 4 ch., 1 tr. into same hole, 4 ch., slip stitch into sixth of 10 ch.

1st row.—6 ch., 1 d. tr. into first quarter of circle, 1 ch., 1 d. tr. into same until there are 5 d. tr. in the space, 1 ch., 1 d. tr. into end of cross. Treat the other three spaces in a similar way until there are 23 d. tr. with 1 ch. between. (The 6 ch. will form the 24th.) To join, make 1 ch., slip stitch into fifth of 6 ch.

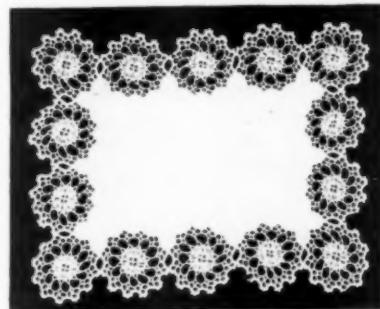
2nd row.—1 d.c. into first space, * 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next space, 1 d.c. into top of d. tr. on first row, 1 d.c. into next space. Repeat from * ten times. 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next

space, 1 d.c. into top of 5 ch. on first row. This makes twelve loops of 6 ch. altogether.

3rd row.—Slip stitch into next d.c. and also up 3 of 6 ch. 3 ch. to stand for a tr., * 11 ch., 1 tr. into next 6 ch. Repeat from * ten times. 11 ch., slip stitch into third stitch of chain which stands for tr., making twelve large spaces.

4th row.—Slip stitch up three of 11 ch., 8 ch., miss two of 11 ch., 1 d.c. into next, * 3 ch., throw cotton twice over hook, miss two of 11 ch., work as when making a tr. into next stitch, drawing through two stitches and leaving three on the hook, throw cotton over hook once, insert hook into third chain of next 11 ch., and draw cotton through (five stitches on hook); take stitches off hook by drawing through two

stitches at a time. This makes two small squares. 6 ch., 1 tr. into junction of two squares (taking up two threads which lie together on top), 3 ch., miss two of 11 ch., 1 d.c. into next. Repeat from * ten times. 3 ch., throw cotton twice over hook, miss two of 11 ch., work as when making a tr. into next stitch, drawing through two stitches and leaving



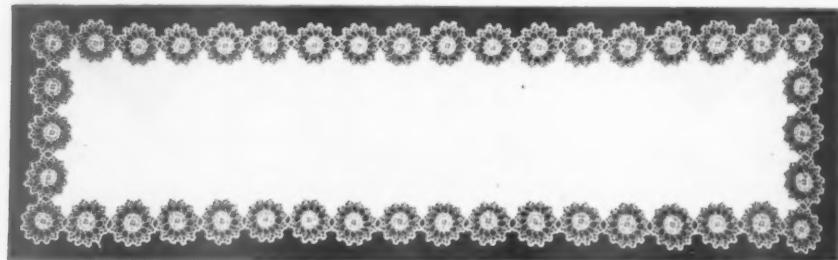
These dainty motifs are not at all difficult to work.

THE QUIVER

three on the hook, insert hook into third of 8 ch., draw cotton through (four stitches on hook), take off two at a time as in previous points. 6 ch. slip stitch into sixth of 8 ch.

5th row.—3 d.c. into next space, 3 d.c. into next, * 3 d.c. 1 ch. 3 d.c. into next. The 1 ch. in the middle of the 6 d.c. in the

4 to point 1; this joins them together to make a straight row. The corner motif is worked like the others, with the exception of the last row; this has only three points without picots, and seven points with three picots each. It is joined to the others in the same way. The next motif made must be joined to points marked 5 and 6 instead of 2 and 1.



The illustration gives you some idea of the perfectly charming effect obtained when the finished motifs are sewn on to the linen.

outer square makes the work set nicely. If it is omitted the motif will be inclined to curl. 3 d.c. into next space and 3 d.c. into next. Repeat from * four times. 3 d.c. 1 ch. 2 d.c. 4 ch. (to make a picot), 2 d.c. in next space, 3 d.c. in next, * 3 d.c. in next, 2 d.c. 4 ch. 2 d.c. 4 ch. 2 d.c. 4 ch. 2 d.c. in next, 3 d.c. in next. Repeat from * three times. In next space, 3 d.c., and in next 2 d.c. 4 ch. 2 d.c. 1 ch., making one picot only in this space. Fill it up with 3 more d.c. Work d.c. in all remaining spaces as before, without any picots.

When a second motif has been made, join point 3 to point 2 of first motif and point

The long cloth has eighteen motifs on the long side and five on the short side (corner ones inclusive), the large mat has five motifs by four, and the two small mats three on each side. Different numbers may be used to make any size required. When the crochet work is done, tack the edges without picots on to the linen, and buttonhole neatly all round, afterwards cutting linen away close to the stitching. These motifs can be made to fit a curved edge of linen if only joined at points 1 and 4; in that case there will be four points with no picots, and six with three picots each, the other two having one each.

A DAINTY HANDKERCHIEF CASE

THE making of this pretty handkerchief case is quite a simple undertaking.

All that is needed is some dainty flowered silk, wadding for lining, a piece of soft ribbon and mercerised cotton in two or three different shades. The case may be made any size, and square or oblong, but half a yard of silk will make one large enough for most purposes.

The Materials Required

Sufficient wadding will be required to cover half the width of the silk and the

whole length of it; it will take about 1½ yards ribbon. The ribbon may match with one of the darker shades of the little floral design, and the mercerised cotton should be in at least three shades to tone with it.

First make sure that the piece of wadding is straight. If it requires trimming, lay it out on the table, and straighten the edges with big, sharp scissors. Place it on the silk. Cut the silk in two strips—one, for the lining, very little larger than the wadding; and the other both wider and longer. Turn

A DAINTY HANDKERCHIEF CASE

in the edges of the wide strip over the wadding foundation, and tack it in place. Then take the smaller strip, turn in the edges, pin it so that it covers the raw turning and the wadding completely, and hem it neatly round. The ribbon is now used to cover this hem, and also to make a narrow pocket under which the handkerchiefs may be slipped. The ribbon may be very neatly hemmed down and buttonholed all round the outside edge and at the corners.

Some Finishing Touches

The case itself is buttonholed round the edge, with mercerised cotton in any of the chosen shades. Then it is folded in half, and for the top section a little fringe is made of many-coloured tassels. These are prepared by winding the cottons round and round a small piece of card, as thickly as may be required. They are then tied firmly and cut through all the strands at once with a sharp knife or pair of scissors. Then the tassel is drawn with a crochet hook, chain-stitch fashion, through one of the buttonholes at the edge of the case. This is repeated as many times as may be needful to complete the fringe. The buttonholing must be done with the stitches the

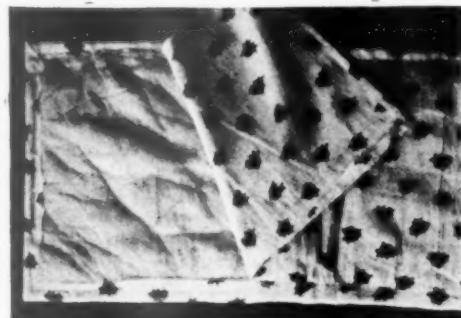


This is how the Case should look when finished.

edge and crossed in the centre about an inch apart.

The two lengths of chain thus formed are looped over two large wooden buttons covered with silk, and fastened on the top ends of the case. Or it might be preferred to use glass buttons, or any of a quaint, effective design.

To decorate the case further, a coloured chain is tied where the fold comes at the back, forming a loose bow and finished at the ends with tassels. These tassels should be made much larger than those used for the fringe, and to make them quite firm, after the strands are cut and doubled, they may be tied round about a quarter of the way down to make a little heading to the tassel. This heading may be covered with double crochet worked round and round in rows, increasing and decreasing to the size of the little "bulb." Crochet balls made in this way without a fringe would be a pretty alternative to the tassels. In the very centre of the case, at the fold, and fastened to the chain, should be fixed a bag of lavender or favourite scent. Indeed, lavender or petal dust may be sprinkled throughout the wadding lining. The little scent sachet may be coloured to match the ribbon lining, or of the same material as the rest of the case.



Showing how the lining is fitted into the Handkerchief Case.

right distance apart, so that the tassels will not be crowded.

A Unique Fastening

To fasten the case a pretty cord is made by crocheting a chain of all colours. This is joined in two pieces to the lower half of the case, each piece about an inch from the

SUPPLEMENTING THE FOOD RATIONS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THREE is no doubt that many harassed housewives breathed a deep sigh of relief when, at last, a Food Controller was appointed and suggestions with reference to the weekly consumption per head of three of the most important items of our daily food were published. At first glance many persons said that the prescribed limitations were inadequate, but two or three weeks' fair trial proved that one, at any rate, of the items was more than ample for the maintenance of health and strength. I refer, of course, to meat, the allowance eking out with fish, eggs, and a plentiful supply of fresh and dried vegetables being quite sufficient to provide all necessary heat and nourishment, however strenuous the daily tasks might be.

Curtailing the Meat

Several of my readers have written asking for information regarding various meat substitutes, and I regret that as THE QUIVER goes to press two or three months in advance this article cannot appear sooner. Fortunately for us housewives, this curtailing of meat diet was not brought into action at the beginning of the cold weather, although if it had been I am sure we should all have managed to live well on our allotted amount. There are always the splendid variety of dried pulses (peas, lentils, and beans of all kinds) to fall back on, which, properly cooked, are not only wholesome and satisfying, but also deliciously warming and tasty on a cold winter's day. Still, taking everything into consideration, it is easier to cut down the butcher's bill in spring and summer, and to substitute the fresh young vegetables as a principal, and not accessory, dish.

But vegetables arrive in such consecutive haste that it is difficult to keep pace with them, and one is sometimes inclined to wish that some of the young cabbages, lettuces, carrots, turnips, etc., would arrange to retard their growth. Possibly it is because we have had to rely on the coarser winter

greens and strongly flavoured cauliflowers for second vegetables during the past two or three months that the tender, delicate roots and leaves taste so delicious. Unlike so many delicacies, too, spring vegetables are exceedingly wholesome, and a dainty dish of baby carrots, succulent spinach, or early cabbages is a far more palatable medicine than the tonic which so many of us find necessary at this season of the year.

Spring Vegetables

It must not be supposed, however, that because these vegetables are young and tender they can be allowed to cook themselves without any particular attention. On the contrary, and in order that this same tenderness and delicacy shall not be lost, they require very carefully preparing and cooking. Therefore, in order that the delicious taste and the health-restoring properties are not lost, I am going to tell you of some recipes that have proved both beneficial and pleasant to the members of my own family.

Let us first consider spinach, which from the earliest times has been recognised as a wonderful tonic and beautifier.

"Eat spinach and leek, lily-fair in a week," runs the old saw, and as spinach even without the usual accompaniment of eggs forms quite a meal in itself, it is worthy of great esteem in these days of expensive and high-priced living.

The one drawback to spinach is that it must be carefully picked over and thoroughly washed. The heavy April showers throw little particles of earth on to the low growing leaves with such violence that very often the grits become embedded in the delicate fibres. It is essential that every speck shall be taken away, for apart from the unpleasantness of eating gritty food, these little bits of earth may cause great damage to the teeth. For this reason—the bother of thorough cleansing—many housewives abstain from spinach altogether, and to such I recommend the principle that the more

SUPPLEMENTING THE FOOD RATIONS

often one does a thing the less difficult and irksome it becomes. Make a point of having spinach two or three times a week, and I can promise you that at the end of a month you will think nothing of preparing a couple of pounds.

Cooking Spinach

Whatever the ultimate manner of serving spinach, it is first cooked alone, and a very strong iron saucepan should be used for the boiling. The leaves contain, and when heated exude, a quantity of liquor, so that it is not necessary to put more than a tablespoonful of water into the pan. The leaves should be heated slowly, and in order not to burn the saucepan it should be stood on the stove and not in direct contact with the fire. French cooks, who serve this vegetable to perfection, put a tablespoonful of clarified dripping or butter into the pan as well as the water. As soon as the leaves are tender and pulpy (this takes about twenty minutes for young spinach) drain them in a colander and press out the moisture with the back of a wooden spoon. So far most cooks agree, but from this point there is a difference of opinions. Shall the spinach be placed on a board and chopped, or shall it be passed through a sieve? The answer naturally depends on whether the vegetable is preferred in a pulpy form (as it is usually served abroad, almost as a purée) or of about the consistency of mashed potatoes. In the latter case it should be chopped, finely or coarsely as preferred; in the former it must be passed through a sieve and a certain amount of the liquor added to acquire the right consistency of pulp. After the sieving or chopping the spinach must be re-heated in a small saucepan and flavoured. A piece of margarine or butter (or if you live in the country and can substitute two or three spoonfuls of cream, so much the better), together with pepper and salt, will give you a dish of English spinach. The addition of grated nutmeg, lemon juice or sugar converts the insular into a Continental dish.

Substitute for Meat

The spinach is now ready, and it can be used as a foundation for poached, hard-boiled or scrambled eggs, or to form a border for some made dish, or as a filling for an omelette. Some of my readers may not know that it is not mere chance that has

decided that spinach and eggs should be eaten together. Eggs contain iron, and this iron assists the chemical properties of the vegetable to be of real use to the consumer, for together they constitute a perfect food. It is surely a wise and generous decree of Dame Nature that the egg season should coincide with that of the spring spinach season!

When the spinach is served without eggs or a meat accompaniment it is usual to surround it with sippets, or to spread it on toasted bread. A much more substantial and nourishing meal is obtained if the pieces of bread are lightly fried in dripping or bacon fat.

Spinach and oatmeal together make a capital middle-day meal for children. To 1 lb. spinach allow a tablespoonful crushed oatmeal, a little milk, and 1 oz. margarine. Wash the spinach thoroughly, chop the leaves coarsely, and plunge into as much boiling and slightly salted water as will just cover them. As soon as the water re-boils sprinkle in the oatmeal, stirring all the time. Boil gently until the oatmeal is cooked and has absorbed the moisture. Stir in the margarine and a little milk, add flavourings, then re-heat before serving.

Spinach Substitute

A French lady, well versed in the art of producing delicious dishes out of the most homely ingredients, recently told me how to cook a cabbage and to make it taste as nice or nicer than spinach.

Here is her method: Put a large white cabbage into a saucepan with boiling water and a little salt. As soon as the water boils, pour it away and fill the saucepan with fresh boiling water. Cook until tender. Drain, remove the hard white core, and let cold water run over the cabbage for twenty minutes. Squeeze all the water out and pass through a coarse sieve, then re-heat in a saucepan with salt, nutmeg (if liked), and a little piece of margarine. This can be served as a vegetable, or with sippets of fried bread or slices of hard-boiled egg as an entrée.

Young carrots are delicious, and they, too, are spring medicine in a pleasant guise. The little round ones make an excellent dish when par-steamed (they will lose much of their flavour if boiled), then gently fried in dripping. Or they can be cooked in a casserole (which has been previously well

THE QUIVER

greased) in the oven, or steamed and covered with white sauce. Served in these ways they are vegetables, but if a tablespoonful of grated cheese is added to the sauce, and the top is sprinkled thickly with equal parts of grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and the dish stood in the oven to brown, carrots *au gratin* can figure as a separate course. Young carrots are also excellent curried. They are first delicately fried, then cooked in the curry liquor, and sent to table with the usual accompaniments of boiled rice and chutney. Several kinds of spring vegetables (such as young turnips, new potatoes, button onions, etc.) can also be curried or served *au gratin*.

I must not forget to remind my readers who live in the country of the nettle shoots and dandelion leaves which may be had for the gathering, and which can be cooked in exactly the same way as spinach. The necessities of living are so costly that no one should neglect an opportunity to obtain something for nothing. Another field plant, sorrel, is but seldom used in England, and yet the leaves washed and cooked as spinach are perfectly delicious and much prized abroad.

One of my correspondents, having proved the value of pulses, has asked for a few ways of cooking haricot beans. As even in the warmest English summer there are days when a hot savoury dinner is agreeably welcome, I will not apologise for including some delicious receipts for haricot or butter beans.

Haricots en Casserole

Soak 1 lb. beans overnight. Peel two large onions (Spanish) and cook them until tender, but not quite done. Drain thoroughly and cut into slices. Place the beans and onions in layers in a greased casserole, sprinkling $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tapioca in between. Take 1 lb. sieved tinned tomatoes, season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of sugar, add a cupful of milk or stock, and pour into the casserole. Cover and cook in the oven for two hours.

Savoury Haricots

Steep $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. haricots all night, then boil them till tender in slightly salted water. Drain well. Hard boil two eggs and cut them into slices. Chop one small onion finely. Grate 2 oz. stale cheese, and mince a tea-

spoonful of parsley. Put a layer of beans in a greased pie-dish, sprinkle with parsley and onion, season with pepper and half the grated cheese. Add the sliced eggs, then the rest of the beans, and pour one teacupful of milk into the dish. Bake in a warm oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Ten minutes before serving sprinkle the rest of the cheese over the beans, and put the dish back into the oven.

The truest economy consists in making the most of everything, and making the most of everything in cookery means using those ingredients which happen to be at their best and cheapest.

"Stewed" Rhubarb

Just now rhubarb is in splendid condition, and for the next few weeks it should be served as often as possible.

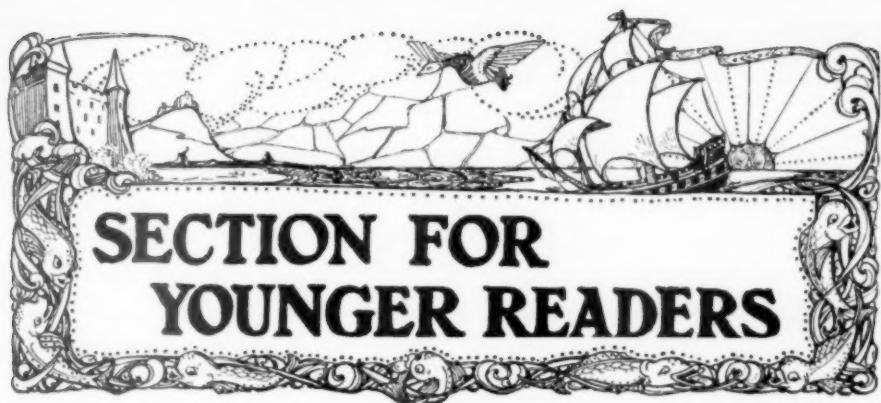
Rhubarb tarts are very good in their way, but there are many other methods of cooking the fruit that are far more attractive. What is commonly known as "stewed rhubarb" is horrible, just pulpy chunks of fruit floating in pale watery juice; no wonder husbands and children revolt.

Try my way of "stewing" rhubarb, and I am sure they will like it:

Wipe the sticks and cut them into equal lengths about two inches long. Place them in a deep pie-dish, or better still a brown stone jar, with alternate sprinklings of brown sugar. Add two or three thin strips of lemon rind, and half a dozen drops of carmine colouring or cochineal mixed with two tablespoonfuls of water. Cover closely, and stand in the oven. Cook until the pieces of rhubarb are tender enough to pierce with a fork, but on no account let them break. Remove from the oven, take out the lemon peel, replace the cover, and let the rhubarb cool down very slowly. The result should be firm but tender pieces of fruit in thick rose-coloured syrup, both fruit and juice being well flavoured.

Cooked in this way the fruit can be eaten with any kind of milk pudding, mould, custard or cream, or it is ready for making into rhubarb fool, shape, etc.

Mrs. St. Clair begs to thank those correspondents who have so kindly answered her inquiry re home-made jams.



SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

BETWEEN OURSELVES

A Letter to the Younger Readers of THE QUIVER

By THE EDITOR

YESTERDAY I received a letter from an old gentleman of eighty-two who has been a reader of THE QUIVER for a great many years. And every now and then I get letters from readers who have subscribed to THE QUIVER almost from the first number.

Of course I am delighted to get these letters—but they make me feel very old, and rather frightened. THE QUIVER was started long before I was born, and those older readers must have seen so much more and must know so much better than the Editor that it is not to be wondered at that sometimes I feel I must be frightfully careful what I say and do. You know the feeling?

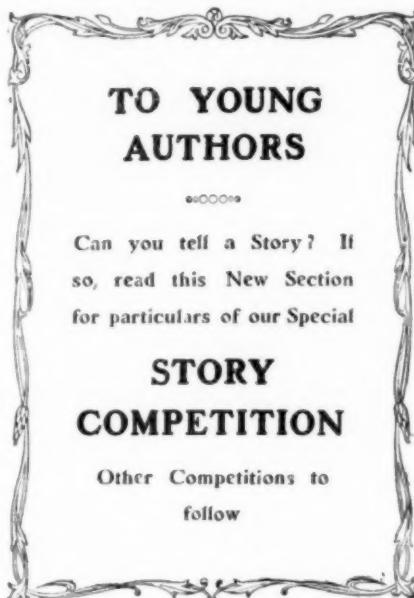
I am starting this little section partly so that I shall not grow old too quickly, and partly because I cannot help feeling that I ought to do more for younger readers of THE QUIVER. I know, of course, that we have had the Companionship Pages, and latterly the League of Young British Citizens, but sometimes I cannot help feeling that it is rather a shame that so much of your section should be devoted just to "begging": it is like going to church and having the collection instead of the sermon! Anyhow, in spite of the paper shortage, and all the rest of it, I am going to squeeze more pages into your section of the magazine. I hope from time to time to get letters from those

TO YOUNG AUTHORS

Can you tell a Story? If so, read this New Section for particulars of our Special

STORY COMPETITION

Other Competitions to follow



THE QUIVER

wonderful old people who have read THE QUIVER from its start, but for every one of these I want hundreds from the younger readers—those who are going to take the magazine, and keep it going when I am eighty-two and retired to a cottage in the country.

Competitions

Years ago—before the war—we used to have big competitions in THE QUIVER. There was a doll competition—when hundreds of dolls were sent in from all over the world—a toy competition, etc. Since the war, your people have been too busy on one form or other of war work, so that it did not seem to be quite "the thing" to have big competitions like these. But I have always been sorry they dropped, and I think it would be a splendid thing if we could have competitions—not occasionally, but regularly—for the younger readers. What do you think? Will you write and tell me?

Hobbies

One way and another I hear a great deal about people's hobbies—drawing, stamp-collecting, gardening and so on. The other day I met a girl friend, and immediately I saw her I felt that something good had happened. Her eyes were shining, her whole face was lit up. I asked her if it was her birthday, and she smilingly denied it—denied, too, that she had come into a fortune. Then she let me into a secret—she had been writing! She said that it was the happiest day in her life, for she had finished a story. Some people will think this absurd. I do not.

When I was a boy I am afraid I wasn't much good at games, and never had a chance of keeping rabbits, or of doing much in the way of stamp-collecting. But I tried to write: I wrote because I couldn't help it, and some of the happiest days of my life were when—like my girl friend—I had been writing.

My First Story

I well remember my first story. I started it when I was eight, and, of course, never finished it. It was going to be the whole life-story of its hero, from the day he was born. My father looked through the first page or two, and mildly suggested that I was too ambitious. Wouldn't it be better

to write about a boy who had a bicycle given him on his birthday?

Accordingly I started again—and really I have forgotten how the plot developed, and what became of the story.

Later on, however, when I was about fourteen, my father suggested that I should try again, and told me about some friends of his, whose doings suggested the making of a story. Once more I set to work, wrote and re-wrote, and finally it was finished. With fear and trembling I posted it off to the editor of a little paper. How I waited day after day for the postman, and how incredulous and joyous I was when one day there came a little note to say that "The Editor will be pleased to take your story and pay ten shillings for it!"

It is a delightful thing to see a story of your own in print for the first time. But, believe me, the joy of writing does not depend on this: I think that it is one of the greatest pleasures in life just to write—to find out the thoughts you want to express, and then to put them into suitable words. I can imagine the joy a boy must feel as he is making a model yacht, or an engine, and watching it grow day by day until it finally expresses just what he dreamt about before he started.

The Thrill of Writing

That is the joy of *creative work*, and to me that is just the thrill of authorship, only in the case of writing the whole thing comes, as it were, out of nothing: there is no wood, no iron material to work on and to shape, but simply the thoughts of the brain—those weird phantasies that we can never see, but which are mightier than the mightiest engine, swifter than the swiftest boat.

You may say that I feel like this about authorship because it is a part of my trade to write. That is true enough, but I know hundreds of other people who feel just as I do about writing. Some of them are women who have to mind the children, and yet manage to scribble a bit on the kitchen table; some of them are at business all day, and look forward to the evening when they can get to the "work" they love best; some—and a great many at that—are boys and girls at school, who love their sports and other hobbies, but who want ever so much to be able to write.

Have you ever felt like that?

BETWEEN OURSELVES



Doris : "I warn you, girls, that I am going to put you all in my story for THE QUIVER Competition. So look out!"

"How can I learn to write?" asks someone. Well, the chief thing is practice, and this is what I want to provide for you in this section.

Our Story Competition

For a start I want to announce a Story Competition. I want you to have plenty of time for this, so as to put your best work into it. It is to be a School Story, of not more than 2,000 words, and the First Prize will be Three Guineas. I shall give further particulars next month, but meanwhile you can be thinking out your plot and getting to work.

For Those who Want Help

Plenty of people have the gift of writing, but, unfortunately, they make the same mistake over and over again, so that it takes them a long time to progress. If only someone with experience could look over their work and tell them what is wrong, they would get along ever so much quicker.

Now, in this department, I want to help young authors as much as possible, and I have arranged for a writer of wide experience to supervise the Competitions, and give a

word of criticism and help to those who need it. Would you like your story to be criticised for you? I think we shall be able to hit on a scheme whereby, by the payment of a small fee—say, one shilling—competitors can have a carefully considered criticism written on their work and posted to them. This, of course, will be quite apart from the Competition; there is no need at all for you to have a criticism in order to go in for the Competition—it is simply for those who feel they would like help. What do you think of this idea?

Do not send in your story until you have read what I have to say next month, but make a start by all means.

Some readers, of course, are keener on drawing and painting than on anything else; some have a decided inclination towards poetry, and would rather be poets than anything else. Then there are the photographers. Well, we must remember them all in due course. The development of this department will depend on you. Just write and tell me "between ourselves" what you think of the idea.

Your friend,
THE EDITOR.



*The Corner,
April, 1917*

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—My little web of thoughts of and for you has been spun this morning amidst surroundings of almost indescribable beauty; such a scene as is familiar enough to many, but to others almost beyond imagination. It is long since we in England have had such a winter as this one. And it is long since we had such a morning as this—though each morning has its own interests for the Nature lover who seeks them.

After the Snow

After a heavy fall of snow there has been a keen frost, and now hours of the most brilliant sunshine, when work indoors seemed an impossibility. I have been for a tramp through country lanes, and across one of those commons which, to the joy of folk like myself, are accessible to the London suburbs.

All around there were stretches of spotless snow, and as the sun caught them, all became aflame with myriads of diamond sparklings. The pines were black against the clear sky on one side; on the other the fine tracery of the silver birch made me realise that one cannot know the full beauty of that fairy tree until it is seen on such a winter day as this, with such a setting. Every part of the picture seemed perfect, a harmony in which for a while all the discords of the anxieties and the pressure of these war-time days were lost; and one

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE QUIVER"
COMPANIONSHIP

Motto:

"For God and the Empire: By Love Serving
One Another"

Object:

The cultivation personally, and the extension in all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizenship, and of love and service for our Empire

listened in silence for the unspoken messages that came, thankful to be there, with eyes to see and ears to hear in reverence and in joy.

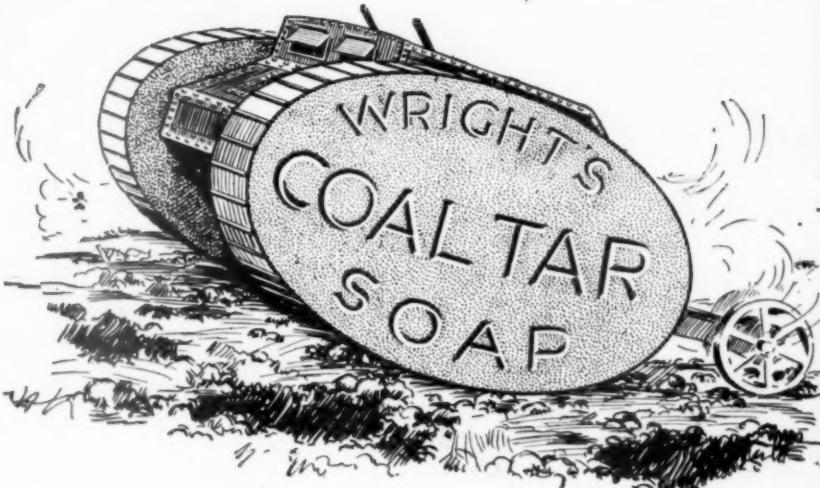
Then suddenly I caught the distant sound of an aeroplane's engines, and other thoughts began to throng. I thought of so many of you individually, of difficulties and of joys you have confided to me, and I thought of the little message I wanted to pass on to you.

What Cannot be Destroyed

It is a very simple one. Briefly, it is to remember amid all the difficulties, anxieties, sorrow, and rush of work that so many of you have now to face, that ultimately "nothing can defeat you except yourself"; that while so much that we treasure is being destroyed, all the supreme things, the great invisible and spiritual things of life—God, character, love, and such—are untouchable and can never be destroyed. To keep this constantly in mind is an enormous help to right thinking and action.

And you—the boys and girls of to-day, remember—"are the Future." To the precious legacy of all the past you have to add the wealth of your thought, your character, your action. As we have been saying, you are to mould and to make the world, and as your ideals are true, pure, beautiful, so the world-soul of the future will be.

There have been various longer and shorter comments on the difficulties of business life, as hinted at by one of our members; and



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Soldier friend.

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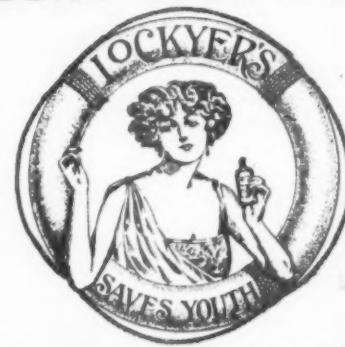
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**LOCKYER'S SULPHUR
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This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PAPER & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG BRITISH CITIZENS

I have had much interest in reading the letters that have referred to it. Curiously, only girl members have written on this subject, so for the moment we take their point of view only. On the whole I find, as far as my experience goes, that girls who have been toppled, as it were, suddenly into the rush and whirl of business life during the last year or so are keeping their equilibrium. There are silly girls who would probably lose their balance anywhere—just as there are silly boys, even now. But anyone who watches in office, train, tram, or elsewhere, must own, I think, that "the girls are behaving splendidly" in their new positions. They are helping to hold the scutcheon of womanhood, and we all want them to remember what that involves. Many of our Companions, however, have had experience longer than that of merely the last few months, and some of them have boldly faced the difficulties of their lives as wage-earners and are grappling with them bravely.

What is Worth While

After referring to some of the difficulties of her office life, one Companion writes :

"I am now more than before convinced that nothing at all is more worth while than is the continual striving to secure a higher, more noble, and more Christ-like character."

"All of us," says "A Worker," "have our troubles, and often those who have the largest share bear them the most bravely. This has a good deal to do with one's disposition, but the chief reason, I think, is how far one takes God into one's life.

"I myself think it is no harder to live in close touch with God in the business life than anywhere else."

An Irish member writes :

"I was very interested in the letter from a girl in an office. I am sorry I cannot enter for the competition, but I am not doing any work of that sort. My 'everyday work' is nearly all out of doors. I will tell you what it is, as it may interest you. First and foremost I have complete charge of our 'Ford' car : it is very interesting work, and I am very fond of it. You see, we live so many miles from 'anywhere' that a car is necessary : ten miles from a doctor, telegraph office, etc., six miles from church. So we consider our car quite for business ! Still, we use it very little, and so it does not give me very much to do. We have a small farm, and I help with the dairy, churning, milking, and feeding the cows. Then there is the poultry, which I do altogether : we only keep hens and ducks ; still they give you quite a lot to do. Very soon now there will be a tremendous lot to do in the vegetable garden, and also in the fields. It's a fairly slack time just at present : we have had such hard frosts that everything is so hard you cannot do much. I help in the house in the morning. I think you will say I have very mixed work!"

Our junior Companions have recently sent me some interesting letters. LIZZIE and

ISABELLA ELLIOT write mostly about school experiences. ETHEL and HILDA LAMB wrote to say they would each knit for me another vest like the competition ones. KATHLEEN GREEN says she "likes being at boarding school very much," and "GRANVILLE sends his love." BERTHA MILLAR writes about her pets, and incidentally says, "We are intending to knit for you in the summer vacation." Bertha's letter is written with beautiful neatness and clearness.

The Prize Letter

I am sending the Letter Prize that was promised to IRENE and FLORENCE FAIR (ages 6 and 7) jointly. They sent me delightfully frank and newsy letters, written in much the same way as they would, I imagine, chatter to me were I sitting along with them by their own fireside. Irene described their "first party this year" :

"After tea we had games ; then each of us did something by ourselves. Florence recited 'The Foolish Little Frog,' by Percy French. She did it so well that she had to do it over again other two times. I recited part of 'Big Steamers,' by Rudyard Kipling. One girl played on the piano nicely. Before we left, some officers came in, and they joined in the fun. We were taken home in a cab. We go to bed about seven every night, but on that night it was nearly nine. The lady made the party for a little girl who is at school in Edinburgh, and who came here for a holiday. The lady made her the hostess, and she received us. It would be nice if all the boys and girls of the League could have a party. You would be the hostess, and you would give us great fun!"

Oh, Irene, wouldn't it be lovely if we could ! You would give me "great fun," I know.

Florence's letter tells me intimate interesting facts about their "Darling Pet" of a new brother, and then she writes :—

"These three days have been very stormy—first frost and snow, then rain with high winds. I am quite frightened when I hear it blowing. Then frost and snow again. Mother feeds the little birds that come into the garden every winter. There are four blackbirds, four chaffinches, two bullfinches, four thrushes, and lots of sparrows and crows. In our house we have lots of pictures, and some day, Alison, if you care, I will tell you all about them. We were pleased to see the photographs of Violet and David. I hope you will like this letter. With love from myself and kisses from little brother, I am, your loving Companion,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE FAIR."

A new Scottish member to be welcomed is BARBARA G. YOUNG (age 17 ; Midlothian) :

"Mother has been taking THE QUIVER for some years now," she wrote, "and I have always read your Pages with the greatest interest. I think it is such a splendid scheme, and I would like to join it. My only reason for hesitating is that perhaps I shall not be able to write you very often or help you very much. Although I am one of the incomers I think you have made a very good change to the L.Y.B.C."

THE QUIVER

Barbara's shyness will perhaps vanish when she realises that we each can but do our best, and that our work is done by the *tittle*s and by many.

I am always particularly pleased when I see the names of old Companion friends on coupons sent in. Here is one with DORA BLADES upon it. And an interesting letter accompanies it :

"I think it is a very good plan having the H.W.W.C. changed to the L.Y.B.C., and I should very much like to be a member if you will accept me. I enclose the coupon, also a P.O. for 3s. for the Fund from mother, Harry, and myself."

Our old member Harry is in France on service with the R.A.M.C., and Dora had been attending nursing lectures and had passed the exam.

JAMES SCOTT (age 11) is another addition to our membership over the Border. I am hoping to hear from him soon.

"Another Violet"

A very kind letter comes from the friend who calls herself "Another Violet," and with it a New Year's gift for our Fund. She asks me about Violet's future, and I will gladly do as she suggests—tell you all anything that is possible when I have fresh information. We certainly hope to keep in touch with her, and we are also very glad of this unknown helper's gift.

MARY JACK sent her own contribution, together with one from another unknown friend. Mary was enjoying Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' serial.

One member, who is at a Teachers' Training College, writes about her work very interestingly :

"We do a good deal of practical teaching this year. Have you any idea of the horrible feeling which overpowers one when one stands up in front of a strange class to give a lesson? If so, you will sympathise with us when we have to give a 'crit' lesson before a lecturer and seven or eight students."

Two Scottish Members Make us a Challenge

"DEAR ALISON,—You will be very glad to know that our entertainment in aid of the orphans of sailors and soldiers was a great success. We took it on with fear and trembling. It was a great business clearing out our drawing-room, but all rose to the occasion. We invited thirty friends, and Jean the same number. We could easily have had twenty more. A platform was erected, covered with crimson cloth, and behind it green curtains were hung. All the programme was performed by girls under fifteen years of age, who acted and danced beautifully. We had an interval for tea, for which we charged 6d. each. Our cook was so keen over it. She made six dozen scones and the same number of sandwiches. Jean's cook also made a lot of cakes, to which ample justice was done. We wound up

the performance with a tableau of our Allies, each girl wearing ribbons and flags representing the different countries. One girl wore the national Welsh dress, another the Irish. My little brother, in Highland costume, represented Scotland. I may add that I was Britannia. We also sang the Russian and French National Anthems, and afterwards our own. We were overjoyed at the kindness of our friends, for we made the substantial sum of £8 10s. Daddy paid expenses, which were £1 14s. Jean and I did wish you could have been with us. I had almost forgotten to tell you that we had a rehearsal the night before. It was great fun. I think the League is splendid, and am glad it is going on so well. I enclose a copy of programme. With much love from your loving Companion,

"ELEANOR CHAMBERS-HUNTER."

The "Challenge"

This letter is the sequel to the paragraph of last month, in which I told you of a "challenge." Every one of you will join me in thanking and congratulating Eleanor and Jean Best on the splendid success of their special effort. I was delighted at having the opportunity of privately thanking Mr. Chambers-Hunter for lending his house and for his financial help; and expressing our thanks to Miss Warn for all her efforts; and of telling Eleanor how very glad I was to have the spirited co-operation they have given. The object of the entertainment was definite. The money has been raised to help orphans (or an orphan, I suppose we may say) of sailors or soldiers, so that we have now to put our heads together and consider the best way in which we can reply to the challenge which Eleanor and Jean have thus made to us.

I have not the least shadow of a doubt about your taking up the challenge. You have never yet failed me in such a matter. These months of strain and difficulty have made it necessary that we should be careful about new work, although, as you know, our Fund has been equal to what we have on hand. But I believe you can and will support a fresh effort if we "go ahead." For the time being the money remains in our hands, and meanwhile I want all of you who are *keen* on our united work to write and tell me what you think you would like to do next. Then we will consider all the suggestions, our Editor and I, and discuss it with Eleanor and Jean. Will not that be the most interesting plan, think you?

Please find time for a letter this month, however busy you may be, and believe me,

Your affectionate
Companion friend,

Alison.

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10

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

Multitudes of every social grade have proved the wisdom of linking the menial and laborious tasks of earth to the steady tug of a heavenly purpose.

The Editor cordially recommends you to link up with the NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME—a star of hope to thousands of imperilled little ones—by sending him a gift for the furtherance of its beneficent and patriotic work.



SECOND REASON WHY.

Because, while children were never more precious to the State than now, the Home Secretary affirms that

Nearly One-third of our Potential New Population Perishes
before it is one year old, and thousands of other children are maimed and ruined by cruelty and neglect.

Elsewhere in this magazine the Editor cites some startling cases that have come under his notice during the last few weeks.

The NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME deals directly and successfully with such. By supporting it, you will help not only to save these imperilled little ones, but also to repair and arrest the Nation's waste of vital manhood.

Please send a gift, however small, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., or write for full particulars to

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Treasurers: J. R. Barlow, Esq., J.P.; Col. Sir Charles C. Wakefield, Bart.



WORTH SAVING ?
(See page xxiii.)

THE ONLY SATISFACTORY ALTERNATIVE TO BREAST MILK FOR YOUR BABY IS

Used in
the
Russian
Imperial
Nursery

Neave's Food

90 Years' Reputation

In Tins
and 4d.
Packets

A NEAVE'S FOOD
PRIZE BABY.



Dr. —, I.R.C.P., I.R.C.S. Ed., I.F.P.S. Glas., etc. (Leeds), writes — "Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful. . . . She was not doing well on cow's milk and water alone." —10th September, 1913.

Mrs. Boulton, of 173 Northbrook St., Princes Avenue, Liverpool, writes on 17th April, 1914: "Our little girl was awarded first prize out of a huge number of competitors. The examination was most rigidly carried out by four eminent physicians, and they were unanimous in their decision as to her splendid physique and perfect state of health. One of the Judges said she was 'beautifully perfect,' which is a great tribute to the value of Neave's Food as a builder-up of healthy babies. She has never had a single day's illness, and has cut her teeth without the slightest trouble."

To induce every Mother to try Neave's Food for her own Baby, we will send a sample tin free, if 1d. stamps are enclosed for postage. We will also send free a useful Booklet, "Hints About Baby." Every Mother ought to have this Booklet, and if a sample is not required the Booklet alone will be sent free and post free on receipt of a post card mentioning "The Quiver."

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Eva Norah Boulton.





That's what you want for your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema which tortures you all day and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you had a bad place on your leg for a long time? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, baby skin troubles, pimples, rashes and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears.

Start your cure immediately

It is dangerous to delay. While you hesitate your skin trouble will get worse. Therefore obtain Antexema to-day. Antexema is not a greasy, messy ointment, but a beautiful liquid cream, which is invisible on the skin. Doctors and hospitals may have failed to cure you but Antexema will succeed.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis & Burrows', Parkes', Timothy White's, and Taylor's Drug Co., at 1/3 and 1/-; or direct, post free, 1/6 and 3/-, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

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BIRMINGHAM.**

Please mention *The Quiver* when writing for lists.

GAIN THROUGH LOSS

No. 5 in the Series "What the War has Meant to Me"

(A cheque for Five Guineas has been sent to the author of this paper.)

WHAT has the war meant to me? Two years ago I would have said it meant the loss of everything that made life worth living; but I would have been wrong, and to-day I humbly hope that for my great loss I have gained something different—perhaps even my own soul.

Looking back I can believe that the calamities which overtook us were but commonplace happenings throughout our land; but perhaps not to many homes did the great upheaval come with such tragic suddenness.

Being one of a family, I cannot tell my story without introducing theirs; and, indeed, there was no happier family than ours when the summer of 1914 dawned on the world.

Three girls, myself the eldest, 24, the next nearly 23, and the youngest 17, our only brother being 21; no sorrow had ever touched us. Life had been one glad day, indulgent parents, a comfortable home, sheltered from the storms of life, we were just merry irresponsible children.

No harder problem had we girls to solve than to choose our clothes, and the number of amusements we could crowd into our lives. Strange confession indeed for the modern young woman with so many opportunities.

My father was one of the most delightful of men; of the sanguine temperament, he invariably looked on the bright side of everything. Life had been easy for him, as a well-established business had passed down in his family for several generations.

The first time I ever saw him really perturbed was when my brother refused to enter into training for the business, declaring that the Army was the only career for him.

Why this should have come as a shock to father I cannot say, for, from my brother's infancy, to play soldiers was his chief delight, and was not his name, with "General" in front, and many letters behind, proudly written on the wall paper of his room dozens of times in his boyish hand?

All this father expected to pass with childhood, forgetting the fact that our mother was the daughter of a soldier, whose medals, won in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, were among our dearest possessions. And did not her only brother, a gallant young uncle of my childhood, go off one winter's night long ago to find his grave at Magersfontein?

As nothing would move the boy from his determination, father soon gave in; and a proud day came for us when, early in 1914, my brother appeared before our admiring eyes in the uniform of the famous Highland regiment in which his grandfather had fought.

What a delightful prospect now opened before us—balls, reviews, etc.—and a gay winter and spring we had, for the regiment was stationed in our town, and my brother's young friends soon became ours.

One of his senior officers, whom he always spoke of as his ideal of a soldier and a gentleman, though not of his set, being ten years older, crossed our path, and soon became a friend of the family.

I could not long be blind to the fact that he cared for me, and although sharing my brother's opinion of him, I was wholly unawakened, and quite incapable of appreciating the love he offered me.

He joined us along with our brother for a few days towards the end of July at the seaside resort where we had spent the month, filling up our time with the usual round of amusements.

True, grave events were portending in Europe, but what did that matter to us in our tight little island? Was not our Navy absolutely invincible, and our Army the best in the world, according to father?

A feeling of apprehension did fall on us when our soldier friend said he believed we were on the brink of war; and our brother assured us that his great chance of rapid promotion was at hand. "Won't you be proud some day, girls, of your brother, the famous General?" he said, with his merry

THE QUIVER

laugh. Ah, yes, dear boy, but we are as proud of you in your nameless, unknown grave as though you had lived to gain these coveted honours.

A few weeks afterwards I stood on the platform watching the splendid-looking men filling up the trains, part of that matchless little Force that went out first to meet the hordes.

For a few minutes I was alone with the man who loved me, and when I looked into his eyes the scales fell from mine, my girlhood passed from me, and I entered into my woman's heritage of love and suffering.

Few words passed, but I whispered that I would wait for him always, and my lover sealed our betrothal with his kiss, the first—and last.

All too soon the trains moved off, and through a blinding mist of tears I saw these two dear faces, my lover's and my brother's, pass from my sight for ever.

The events of the next few weeks are surely graven deep on the heart of our nation. Soon came to us that fatal missive—now, alas, so well known in many a home—to tell us that our boy had been killed in action. Shortly afterwards I heard that my lover had been seriously wounded at the same time, and, after another week's dreadful suspense, I received a letter in an unknown hand, written by a young doctor, who had tended his last moments, and to whom he had been able to whisper my name and address before he died.

Surely the climax of suffering was reached now, we thought; but no. Our father had looked worried recently, and had spent much more time at business than formerly. He had also, in his anxiety to do anything he could for his country, taken on some outdoor work in his spare time; and one wet Sunday afternoon late in October he came in shivering. We tended him promptly, but before night the doctor had to be called, then afterwards grave, kindly faced specialists; but in less than two weeks we followed the remains of our beloved father to the grave.

It has truly been said that we never know the members of our own family until some great crisis comes. Certainly we all astonished one another by the way we rose to the occasion at this time, in particular my next sister, Flora, who suddenly showed an amazing talent for nursing, hitherto un-

suspected even by herself. Our two maids also proved true friends, and a tower of strength in these dark days.

Our lawyer called after a day or two, and I interviewed him for my mother. He was a man of unimpeachable honour, but of a very frigid manner. He wasted no words, but told me he believed we were practically penniless. The sudden paralysing effect of the war on a business which, apparently, had been going down for some time, the result of relying too much on past fame instead of moving with the times, had brought about this crisis.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "your father could not afford to put your brother into the Army when he did, and to keep you girls in idleness. He was a charming personality, but men of his calibre usually die and leave their families a burden on someone else."

Stung to the quick by these cruel words, I defended my father's memory, and proudly assured him that we would never be a burden on anyone.

I have since thought that he was purposely "cruel to be kind," knowing the necessity of rousing us into action; and certainly no stronger tonic could have been administered to my pride.

On his departure I at once called the family together, told them exactly how we were placed, that we must move to a small house, and begin at once to earn our living. "I will be a nurse," Flora said, "our doctor will perhaps help me to get into some hospital." Betty, our younger sister, and I had no idea what we could do, but the desire for instant action came to us all. Cook and Katie, the other maid, declared they would stand by us; but mother, while deeply grateful, gently told them they must look out for themselves.

Without giving needless details of weary house-hunting, etc., ten days later, thanks to the Herculean efforts of our good maids, we found ourselves installed in a small flat in a quiet street, the rent of which was £5 10s. quarterly. The sale of our surplus furniture and any little private money paid all our debts, and left us with £15 in the world.

A few days afterwards Flora left us to begin her training, and here I may say that, although the way was rough and stony to her



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IT IS A SHOE THAT'S SURE TO SATISFY THE WEAHER
Splendidly made from Best Black or Tan Leathers.
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"I find that Mellin's Food
made up with fresh cow's
milk is far superior to foods
mixed with water only."

(Doctor's original letter on our file.)

The wastage of War makes the rearing of children a matter of paramount national urgency. New-born babies must not only live, but must be brought to maturity sound, strong, healthy.

Do not experiment! Give Mellin's Food—the fresh milk food—the food that for half a century has proved its safety and superiority.

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GAIN THROUGH LOSS

unaccustomed feet during the first months, she never once looked back. She was fortunate in having as Nursing Sister over her ward one of these women who truly adorn this noble profession, and her example and encouragement did much for my young sister. To-day Flora is in France, having recently been selected as one of a unit urgently required at the Front. Although her training was by no means complete, she was highly recommended by the Sister, and her knowledge of French (for we had both spent six months in Paris) was also in her favour.

We miss her greatly, but are glad and proud that she has indeed come into her own.

The problem of immediately finding employment for Betty and myself confronted me; and anyone more pitifully ignorant of how to proceed could not be imagined.

We had no relatives at hand to help, and my stubborn pride prevented me from seeking at once the advice of some trustworthy business man or woman. For several weeks we answered advertisements or applied personally for every likely post, without any success. Although there were many vacancies in shops and offices to fill the places of the men who had enlisted, there were plenty of experienced girls to fill them; and many women of leisure were then offering their services free to release men.

At last I obtained a post for Betty in the counting-house of a drapery establishment. The man who interviewed us was so exceedingly plausible that a more experienced woman would have been suspicious. She was to get 8s. weekly, with prospects of speedy advance, and a thorough business training. We congratulated ourselves, but alas, for our hopes. For nearly two weeks she endured this man's odious attentions, refusing all his offers of sweets and flowers.

She gave us no hint of this, so anxious was she to get on; but one afternoon, on coming in, I found her sobbing in mother's arms, the whole story poured out. He had put his arm round her, and tried to kiss her, and the terrified girl had rushed out of the place.

A new and sinister danger now revealed itself to me, for Betty was very pretty and attractive.

An indignant mother sought this man

next day, and left him sadder and wiser, I hope—for a very humble apology reached us the same evening; and so ended this episode, but not without its salutary effect on me.

The following day I did for my sister what my pride prevented my doing for myself, sought the advice of my father's former banker.

He offered at once to take her into the bank for six weeks' probation at 10s. weekly, after which, if she "made good," she would be placed on the staff at £40 a year.

She did "make good," for he visited us to express his entire satisfaction, and gave us valuable advice as to what studies she should take up in her spare time.

Meanwhile, I had not, of course, been idle. I had read, or rather shouted, to a deaf old gentleman for three hours daily at 7s. a week, for one week; then I became a daily governess to a little boy, but from this post I was ignominiously dismissed after a few days. He looked a cherub, but was a little demon, and small wonder, for his childish cruelties were appraised as "manliness" by his mother and nurse. One morning I found him torturing a kitten that had been placed in the nursery for his "amusement," and, remonstrances being useless, I smacked him soundly before his astonished nurse could protest, so was ordered out of the house by his irate mother.

I am glad to say that I rescued the hapless little animal, and after a few weeks' nursing found a good home for it, as our own lordly cat shares our humble home, also Jack, my brother's little terrier. Many a pang did Jack cause us by his frantic dash after some tall kilted young figure, to return with a mournful expression of inquiry in his eyes; but his devotion and dear, funny ways, and pussy's loud purring welcome, amply pay their way.

Early in the year I found myself a poor dispirited creature assisting at a fancy draper's counter at 12s., with prospects of permanency!

Chance, or rather Providence, led me one day to the window of a fashionable dress-making establishment we had formerly patronised. The lady who was head dressmaker passed in, and seeing me, she stopped to speak a word of sympathy, and asked me in to her room to rest.

Encouraged by her kindly manner, I

THE QUIVER

told her my difficulties, and asked her advice, which was readily given. Had times been normal, she could have found an opening for me at once, where I would have had the opportunity of training as a Fashion Artist, as she had found my little sketches often gave her the right idea. This was not possible then, so after thinking for a little, she said, "Do you think you could manage a secretary's duties? An elderly lady whom I fitted yesterday told me her secretary had enlisted, and she would have to take a girl in his place. She detests typewriters, so your want of that accomplishment won't matter. Her great interest in life is Foreign Missions."

"I will try for it," I said, although I feared my writing was not suitable.

"You should go at once," she said, so warmly thanking her, I quickly made my way to the address she gave me, and was fortunate enough to find Mrs. A. in. I answered many questions, wrote a letter to her dictation, and read aloud a few paragraphs; also, at her request, gave her the names of three reputable citizens who would vouch for my character. She promised to let me know her decision in a few days. I hardly dared to hope I would be successful, but to my joy I was engaged at a salary of £1 weekly with lunch provided, hours ten till five.

I began my new duties soon after, with a firm determination that I, too, would "make good."

I found it far from easy at first, but before very long my work became, and still is, a pleasure to me. The forenoons were usually spent in reading aloud, and the afternoons in dealing with the large correspondence Mrs. A. kept up with missionaries and missionary societies in many parts of the world.

She took no great interest in the war at first, having no personal touch, and believing, like so many, that it would soon be over.

As the months passed, however, and her nephews and grandsons joined the Colours,

she was aroused into interest and even enthusiasm, and many afternoons and evenings I am sent to help at the Station Caftees and the various clubs that began to spring up for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors.

This is a great joy to me, for I am able occasionally to help some lonely lads a little, and even to welcome them to our home.

This brings a new interest to my mother's life, and little comforts, made by her busy hands, thus find their way to some other mother's boy.

Mrs. A. being too conscientious to neglect her other interests, my time is fully occupied. I studied French and Spanish the first winter, for letters in these languages come to us.

With regard to our private life, I can say that, although at present we are just able to pay our way, our increasing efficiency gives us confidence for the future. The indescribable ache is ever present in my heart, as in my mother's, but the very efforts she made for our sake have perhaps saved her from the breakdown we once feared. We make our home as bright as possible for the sake of my young sister, and welcome her young friends; for time soon heals youth's deepest scars; and Betty has inherited her father's charm of manner, so is a favourite wherever she goes.

It is ever a source of regret to me, as it must be to many women like myself, that I can do nothing to really help in the great struggle that is going on, all my energies being used up in the little struggle for our own existence.

Perhaps, even yet, the opportunity may come of doing something really worth while; but meanwhile I hope I can apply to our humble lot, even as to our great Nation, the lines of the patriotic hymn:

"Praise to our God! though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff from age to age
Shall rule and guide His heritage."



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